The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The February Bookman will be a Darwin Centenary Number, containing a special article by Edward Clodd on Darwin and his work, and many portraits and pictures of peculiar interest. This will be followed during the year by other Centenary articles—on Edward FitzGerald in March, on Lord Houghton and his Circle in June, on Oliver Wendell Holmes in July, on Tennyson in August, on Mark Lemon in November, and on the literary work of Mr. Gladstone in December. The September Bookman will be a Dr. Johnson Bi-Centenary Number. In other months of the year we hope to issue Special Numbers dealing with prominent living authors. We shall publish in February or March an article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters," and are arranging for an early date a very interesting illustrated number devoted to the life and writings of Miss Marie Corelli.

Hermann Sudermann has surprised Germany with a new novel, which he calls "Das Hohelied" (The Song of Songs). Sudermann began his literary career as a novelist, and his first books were very successful in Germany. Fourteen years ago he left off writing novels and took to giving his message to the world through the stage. The plays of Sudermann have had a wonderful popularity, but they have not rivalled the stir which his books created, and the interest with which his new novel has been received shows what a loss it was to the public when the novelist turned playwright.

Humorists seem to be getting scarcer every year. We used to make up for our native deficiencies a little while ago by importing a good deal of humour from America, but we have had very little even from there of late, except Mrs. Wiggs and Mr. Dooley. One looks forward, therefore, to "A Holiday Touch, and Other Tales of Undaunted Americans," which Messrs. George Bell & Sons are publishing here at the end of January. It is a book of humorous stories by Mr. Charles Battall Loomis, who enjoys a great reputation as a humorist on the other side of the water and is sure of a welcome on this.

Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing at the end of January "Heinrich Heine: Poems and Ballads"—a new rendering by Mr. Robert Levy of a large selection of the lyrics and ballad poems of the "Buch der Lieder." It is an undertaking to which Mr. Levy has for some years past given the leisure hours of a busy commercial life, and those who have read his translation say he has succeeded where so many have failed in catching the delicate, pensive, mocking, elusive spirit of his original.

For much assistance in producing this present number we are indebted to Mr. John H. Ingram. All the portraits of Poe and his relatives and friends, the facsimiles of his writing and the sketches and photographs of places associated with him, have been kindly supplied to us by Mr. Ingram from his unique and valuable collection of such portraits and pictures, and are his copyright property. Alexander Smith said that Poe was "the most incorrigible blackguard of genius that has appeared in either hemisphere," and the *Edinburgh Review*, praising his work, described him as "a blackguard of mark." That was in the late 'fifties and the mid-'sixties, and we owe it to the enthusiastic devotion and careful research of Mr. Ingram that nobody dreams of disseminating those slanders to-day. When he issued with Messrs. A. & C. Black, in 1874, his four-volume edition of Poe's Works, the ample Memoir with which he prefaced it shattered and scattered once for all the cloud of lying and scandalous stories with which the unspeakable Griswold and those unscrupulous sensation-mongers, his many disciples, had darkened the poet's name; as the *Spectator* said at the time, he rescued Poe "from the reputation of something like infamy." In 1880 Mr. Ingram published the exhaustive and admirable biography that remains, and must remain, the standard "Life of Poe"; it has gone through many editions, its accuracy has never been shaken, and every subsequent biographical sketch or article concerning the poet has, admittedly or not, been based upon it.

Photo by Reginald Haines. **Mr. A. G. Gardiner.**
Editor of the *Daily News*, author of "Prophets, Priests, and Kings."

Photo by Edgar Salomon. **Mr. John H. Ingram.**
Author of "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe."

This were a good life-work for any man, but Mr. Ingram has much other and excellent work in literature to his credit. He edited the "Eminent Women" series of biographies; has edited several editions of Poe's works; and an edition of Darley's "Sylvia," for which he wrote also a biographical sketch of the author; he has written biographies of Oliver Madox Brown and of Mrs. Browning, and, amongst other books, one on Christopher Marlowe that won the high commendation of Mr. Swinburne. He has just written a biographical introduction to a reprint of Poe's Poems for Messrs. Routledge's Muses' Library, and is revising the famous four-volume "Standard" edition of his "Works of Poe," which Messrs. Black will presently reissue. For some years past now Mr. Ingram has been engaged on a Life of Chatterton which is almost ready for publication. At a very early age his interest in Chatterton was aroused by the fact that his mother, when a child, lived amid certain personal friends of Chatterton, and that he frequently heard her talk of what they used to say about him. He has been as thorough and as painstaking in searching into Chatterton's story as he was in

unravelling Poe's; has discovered new facts of importance, and will include in his volume certain poems that were published by Chatterton, but have never since been reprinted.

Apart from the numerous evidences of English and American interest in the Poe Centenary—in France, where Messrs. Calmann-Levy's translations of Poe by Baudelaire rank among the classics, M. Davry is issuing a monograph on Poe, and two lectures that M. Calvocoressi is delivering at the Sorbonne will appear in the *Mercure de France* on February 1. In Germany, essays on Poe's centennial position are announced by Herr Leopold Katscher; Tauchnitz has the Tales and Poems on sale with a new memoir by Mr. Ingram; and Herr Philip Reclam, junior, who includes Poe's works in his "Universal Bibliothek," publishes a memorial article in *Reclam's Universum* for January. From Budapest and Lisbon come translations of the Poems into Hungarian by Zoltan Ferencz, and into Portuguese by Colonel Greenfield de Mello.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing this month "Fair Women of Fontainebleau," by Frank Hamel, author of "Famous French Salons."

Mr. W. L. Courtney has written a new play—one that deals with Brittany and Breton legends—which is at present in the hands of Miss Evelyn Millard. Three or four of the plays in his "Dramas and Diversions" have been put upon the stage. "Kit Marlowe" was produced both by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, at a matinée, and by Mr. George Alexander, who has since frequently played in it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced "Undine" at Liverpool, and after touring with it, eventually brought it out in London at the Criterion. "On the Side of the Angels" was presented by the Pioneers at the Royalty Theatre some little time ago, and "Gaston Bonnier" was written for and produced by Professor Hubert von Herkomer at his theatre at Bushey. The first piece in the book, originally called "Charles IX.," was written for and accepted by Sir Henry Irving. He announced his intention of performing it after "King Arthur," but its appearance was delayed. He thought of putting it on the stage on two subsequent occasions; and on his death it was, with other plays, bequeathed to his sons.

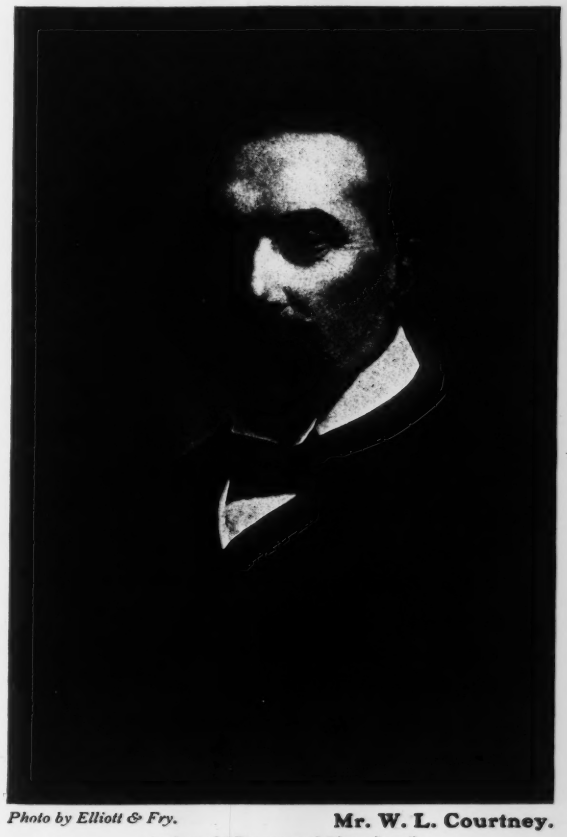

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. W. L. Courtney.**
Author of "Dramas and Diversions."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Lady Grove.**
Author of "The Human Woman."

"Richard Wagner to his Artistes" is the title of a new volume of Wagner's letters which has just made its appearance in Germany. The publication of this interesting work, which includes letters to Karl Klindworth, Lilli Lehmann, Amalie Materna, Hermann Levi, Hans Richter, Felix Mottl, and others, is due to the enterprise of the publishing firm of Wahnfried, and deals fully with the artistic development of Bayreuth. There are altogether

about four hundred letters, most of which have never been published until now. The famous correspondence with Hans von Wolzogen is given to the world for the first time.

In recent years Mr. Comyns Carr's literary activities have been concerned almost exclusively with the theatre, and he is now engaged on a fanciful comedy to be written partly in verse, which he hopes to complete during the next few months. His earliest dramatic essay was a play founded on Mr. Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd." This was followed by an adaptation of Hugh Conway's "Called Back." But Mr. Carr's more important dramatic works have been in verse, chief among them being "King Arthur," produced by the late Sir Henry Irving, and "Tristram and Iseult," presented a year ago at the Adelphi Theatre.

If only every one kept a diary, how much fuller and better even our best books of reminiscences might be! Mr. Comyns Carr kept no diary, it seems, and for such details of incidents and conversations as are contained in his "Some Eminent Victorians" he has had to rely on his memory. "I did once, long ago," he confesses penitently, "make an experiment in that direction, but I failed, chiefly, I think, because I could not make up my mind as to the form and character which such a record should assume. I found the task of merely recording events intolerably dull, and to chronicle the thoughts and reflections which those events suggested proved altogether too formidable. But it is the neglect of the dull diary that I have often since regretted."

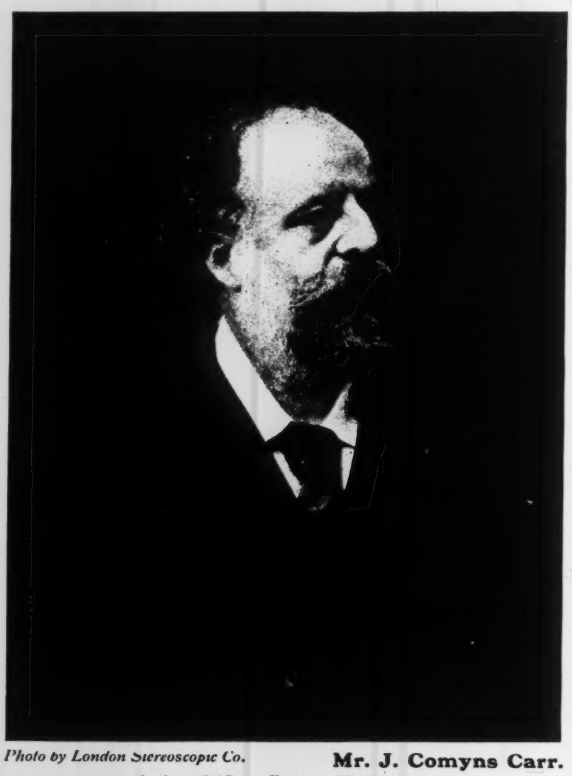

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **Mr. J. Comyns Carr.**
Author of "Some Eminent Victorians."

Book-Plate.
Mr. Clement Shorter's new book, "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers," is reviewed on page 189.

Rita's new novel, "The House called Hurrish," will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

"Conquering the Arctic Ice," by Captain Ejnar Mikkesen, leader of the recent Anglo-American Polar Expedition, is announced by Mr. Heinemann.

We regret that in reviewing "Tan and Teckle" in one of our Christmas Supplements we gave the publishers' name as "Oliphant, Anderson & Revell." It should have been the Fleming H. Revell Co., and we offer our apologies for the error to them and to Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Mr. Heath Robinson's three illustrations of "The Raven" and "The Bells" (an enlargement of one of which we reproduce on our cover) are from the beautiful edition of Poe's poems that Messrs. G. Bell & Sons published last year, and we are much indebted to them for their kindness in permitting us to reproduce them here. Our thanks are also due to Messrs. A. & C. Black for permission to use the illustration from "Arthur Gordon Pym," which originally appeared in their 4-volume edition of Poe's works; and to the Pear Tree Press for Mr. James Guthrie's delicate drawing of "Eulalie," one of his many illustrations to their recently issued selection of the poems of E. A. Poe.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best passage from English literature expressing or indicating the writer's love or dislike of dumb animals.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS LIZZIE Q. ALLEN, of 15, Glenbrook Road, West Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

ARTHUR B. TALBOT'S TRANSLATION OF "OMAR KHAYYAM."

"Shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing?"
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

We select the following from the many other quotations received:

FROM POLE TO POLE. By G. STABLES.

"The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes."—*Nursery Rhyme.*

(Miss E. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, London, W.)

TWO ENGLISH QUEENS AND PHILIP. By MARTIN HUME.

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."
The Beggar's Opera.

(Miss May Trayler, Wembdon Road, Bridgwater.)

ADVENTURES IN A NOAH'S ARK. By A. W. B.

"Water, water everywhere."—S. T. COLERIDGE.

(John M. Judd, 31, North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best six mottoes for the New Year has been awarded to MISS N. PEEL, 15, The Grove, Whitworth Park, Manchester, for the following:

1. "Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind."
R. L. STEVENSON.

2. "If thou hast friends give them thy best endeavour,
Thy warmest impulse, and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time is short."—HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

3. "A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those I live with."
STOPFORD BROOKE.

4. "Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentlier sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."—BURNS.

5. "Our best is bad nor bears Thy test;
Still, it should be our very best."—R. BROWNING.

6. "Do the Duty which lies nearest to thee! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer."—CARLYLE.

Very good selections have been received also from Mrs. Leslie (Eddleston, N.B.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss Winifred Du Vernet (Wandsworth Common, S.W.), Mrs. H. Caby (Fordham), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Mrs. John R. Young (Mablethorpe), L. A. Wilks (Scarborough), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to M. WINDEATT ROBERTS, of Chudleigh House, Bideford, for the following:

SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BYWAYS.

By JOHN BUCHAN. (Blackwood.)

The essays collected under the above somewhat misleading title are the work of an able journalist. Mr. Buchan vindicates the eighteenth century from the false charge of stagnation, and shows it to have been, for Scotland at all events, a period fraught with the gravest of issues. He champions its unpopular statesmen, and his sound and kindly judgments are dictated by a rare good sense. His style is the antithesis of what he calls, in an article on the subject, "the apocalyptic style," or "a suburban sublimity"; but he is always instructive, sometimes entertaining, and occasionally suggestive.

The best of the unusually large number of other reviews submitted are these:

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME. By LADY PRIESTLEY. (Kegan Paul.)

Charming is a word which can be misapplied in literary criticism, but it is the term which gives a true conception of Lady Priestley's book. As the daughter of Robert Chambers, she moved in the brilliant literary and scientific circle for which the Edinburgh of her girlhood was famous. As the wife of Sir William Overend Priestley, M.D., she enjoyed the friendship of scientists and celebrated personages. This volume must deservedly take a high place among recent autobiographies. It refreshes, elevates, instructs, and amuses the reader.

(Miss E. A. Stevenson, The Valley, Trinity, Brechin.)

TOGETHER. By ROBERT HERRICK. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"Together" is a book to be read with discrimination. It gives a vivid picture of American society, but one is not always sure of the author's standpoint—whether he writes as prophet or merely as looker-on. The end of life is self-expression. The weak and incapable must go to the wall. The husband is the provider, and can only work at his best when he feels the spur of necessity. This is the justification for the wife's extravagance. Marriages are generally ill-advised. The remedy is to get back to the simple life of the plains.

(Thomas E. May, 46, Killigrew Street, Falmouth, Cornwall.)

We select for special commendation the reviews sent in by the Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), D. Sill (Redcar), Miss Kathleen Comber (Hoylake), Mrs. A. M. Sykes (Huddersfield), Mrs. T. S. Boldero (Bexhill-on-Sea), Miss Godley (Chapelizod), G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham), and F. Harold Buss (East Dulwich, S.E.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MISS MOLLIE KENNEDY, Dashwood Road, Banbury.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1 to February 1, 1909.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

LANCASTER, SIR E. RAY (Edited by).—A Treatise on Zoology. Part I. First Fascicle. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net, paper; 15s. net, bound.
SCHECHTER, DR. SOLOMON.—Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology. 7s. 6d. net.

Cambridge University Press.

ARISTOTLE.—Nicomachean Ethics. Book VI., with Essays, Notes and Translation by L. H. G. Greenwood.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XI. The Growth of Nationalities. 16s. net.
GREGG, J. A. F. (Editor).—The Wisdom of Solomon, in the Revised Version, with Introduction and Notes.
JENKINSON, F. J. H. (Editor).—The Hisperica Famina. 6s. net.
VERNON, MRS. H. M.—Italy from 1494 to 1790. (Cambridge Historical Series.) 5s. 6d. net.

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ARNOTT, S., and R. P. BROTHERSTON.—Gardening in the North. 2s. net, paper; 2s. 6d. net, cloth.
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Spanish Jade. 1s.
HIBBERT, W., F.I.C., F.C.S.—Popular Electricity. 3s. 6d.
HUTCHINSON, WOODS, A.M., M.D.—Health and Commonsense. 6s. net.
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MARSH, RICHARD.—The Interrupted Kiss. 6s.
THOMAS, H. H.—Sweet Pears: and How to Grow Them. 1s. net, paper; 1s. 6d. net, cloth.
WHITE, F. M.—The Midnight Guest. 6s.
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GEDEN, PROF. A. S., M.A. (Richmond).—Outlines of Introduction to the Hebrew Bible.
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THE READER.

EDGAR POE AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

By John H. Ingram.

THE allegation that "Edgar Poe had no friends" has long since been refuted. Embittered as his career was by sorrow and misfortune, it was as frequently brightened by the kindness and fidelity of friends. There was a fascination about the poet which attracted and preserved the sympathy of persons of most diverse disposition, and it is useful to know something of these people, as their characters and positions throw sidelights on Poe's:

> "In companions
> That do converse and waste the time together . . .
> There needs must be a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit."

A man's first and best friend is generally his mother, but Edgar Poe's died ere he had completed his third year, leaving three infants to the world's mercy. The elder boy was taken charge of by his grandfather, General Poe, whose means had been crippled by heavy charges incurred for his country. The two younger children were adopted by strangers in blood; Edgar, by Mr. John Allan, a prosperous, childless Scotchman, who had settled in the United States. His wife did her best to supply the place of the dead mother, and, as Edgar always asserted, was kind and affectionate towards him. So, at times, was the foster-father, but he was of an uncertain and despotic temperament, and Mrs. Allan's conciliatory influence was not always successful in preserving peace at home.

The Allans having been called to Great Britain on business when Edgar was about seven years old, took the boy with them, and placed him in a school at Stoke Newington. Little is known of the orphan's life during his five years at this school, but his schoolmaster remembered him as "a quick and clever boy," who "would have been a very good boy had he not been spoilt by . . . an extravagant amount of pocket-money."

On returning to Virginia Poe was placed in a classical academy in Richmond, in which city his foster-father carried on business as a tobacco merchant. At the academy Poe mixed with lads of good standing in society and formed friendships with some of them which endured for life. Several of these schoolmates have furnished reminiscences of the lad, all of which are most creditable to his character. As a student, an athlete, and a companion he left a favourable impression on the minds of all who remembered him. Colonel Preston says:

> "His power and accomplishments captivated me, and something in me or in him made him take a fancy to me. In the simple athletics of those days, when a gymnasium had not been heard of, he was *facile princeps*. He was a swift runner, a wonderful leaper, and what was more, a boxer." "In our Latin exercises," continues Colonel Preston, "Poe was among the first. . . . He was, also, a very fine French scholar. . . . Not a little of Poe's time in school and out of it was occupied with writing verses. . . . My boyish admiration was so great for my schoolfellow's genius, that I requested permission to carry his portfolio home for the inspection of my mother"—

that lady, it should be premised, being the daughter of Edmund Randolph, the distinguished statesman, whose love of literature she had inherited. Mrs. Preston did not hesitate to praise the verses, and her gallant son deemed she was the first critic to whom Poe's earliest productions were submitted.

The lad was noted for his swimming feats, some of them having been of a daring and even dangerous character. Colonel Mayo, another of his old schoolfellows, recalls him to mind as a handsome, impetuous boy, defiant, not indisposed to fight, but with great mental powers. He describes a very hazardous adventure shared with him:

> "One day in midwinter, when standing on the banks of the James River, Poe bantered his companion into jumping in, to swim to a certain point with him. After floundering about in the nearly frozen stream for some time they reached the piles upon which Mayo's bridge then rested, and were glad enough to stop and try to gain the shore by the log abutment to the bridge. To their dismay, upon reaching the bridge they discovered that its flooring overlapped the abutment by several feet, and that ascent by such means was impossible. Nothing remained for them but to descend and retrace their steps, which, weary and partly frozen, they did. Poe reached the land in an exhausted state, whilst

From a daguerreotype, circa October, 1848. **Edgar Allan Poe.**

After an oil painting.
The first Mrs. Allan.

Mayo was fished out by a friendly boatman just as he was about to succumb. Both the lads were ill for several weeks."

Robert Sully, the well-known artist, another schoolfellow, referring to a distinguishing trait of the poet's character, his kindness and sympathy for the weak or helpless, says he was one of "the most warm-hearted and generous of men . . . he invariably stood by me and took my part. I was a dull boy at learning, and Edgar never grudged time or pains in assisting me. . . . As a boy he was frank and generous to a fault."

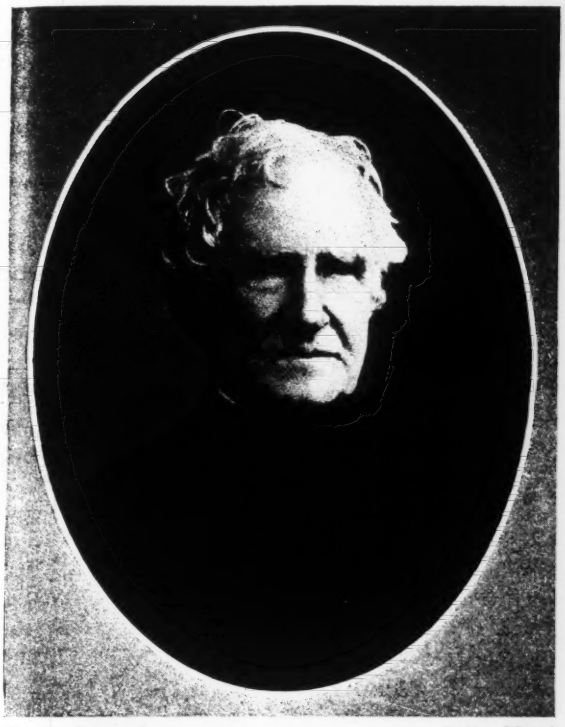
Opposite the house where the Allans lived dwelt the parents of Elmira Royster. In due course the adopted son of the one family became acquainted with and enamoured of the daughter of the other. Elmira reciprocated the feelings of the "beautiful boy," as she described him to me. She thought him somewhat silent and sad in his manner, as became an ardent admirer of Byron, but when beguiled into talking, his conversation was everything that could be desired. The young lady, who numbered fifteen summers, found Edgar "very generous and warm-hearted, and zealous in any cause in which he was interested. He was enthusiastic and impulsive," and detested everything showing lack of refinement. He was passionately fond of music, "an art which in after life he loved so well," and was an accomplished artist, sketching in a few minutes a portrait of Miss Royster herself. Love-making went on, and the young people had vowed the usual eternal vows, including a promise of marriage, when Poe was hurried off to the recently founded University of Virginia, which he entered February 14, 1826. He wrote frequently to his lady-love, but Elmira's father, deeming her too young for such things, intercepted the correspondence, and secluded the young lady until she had attained the age of seventeen, when he married her to a Mr. Shelton.

From a photograph of a silhouette.
Mr. John Allan,
Poe's foster-father.

At the University Poe became as great a favourite with his college mates as he had been at the Richmond academy. Several of them furnished me with interesting reminiscences of their gifted companion, who they found "had many noble qualities, but whose disposition was retiring. He had few intimate associates." Other men at the University with Poe were not impressed so lugubriously by his personality. They recollected adventures he had taken part in where so serious a demeanour would not have been probable. Possibly, he suited his manners to his company, and in "the inhuman dearth of noble natures" adapted himself to the capacity of the ignoble. Surviving officials and professors have assured me he had the reputation of being a sober, quiet, orderly young man, whose behaviour was uniformly that of an intelligent and polished gentleman, and the official records confirm this view, showing that he obtained the highest distinctions the University then bestowed.

His associates at Charlottesville were impressed by his artistic talent and relate how he covered his room there with large crayon copies of illustrations from a volume of Byron's Poems. A characteristic incident of this period is mentioned by a college mate, Mr. Bolling. Whilst he was talking to Poe he noticed Poe continued writing, and when the visitor alluded to this want of politeness, the poet answered that he had been all attention, and proved it by suitable comments, explaining

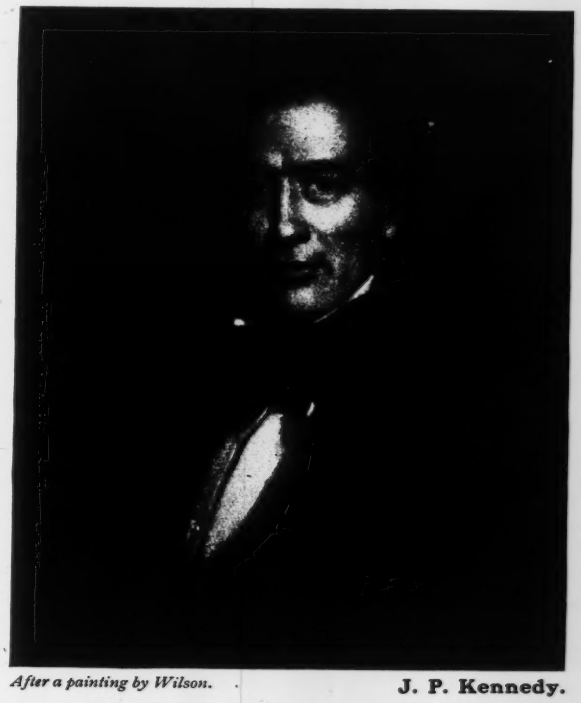
From an old engraving.
Poe's School at Stoke Newington, now demolished.



From a photograph. **John Neal.**

"Poe wrote to John Neal, who was then editing *The Yankee*. . . . Through the columns of his paper the editor replied, 'If E. A. P., of Baltimore, whose lines about Heaven—though he professes to regard them as altogether superior to any in the whole range of American poetry, save two or three trifles referred to—are, though nonsense, rather exquisite nonsense, would but do himself justice, he might make a beautiful and perhaps a magnificent poem.'"

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)



After a painting by Wilson. **J. P. Kennedy.**

"Mr. Kennedy [one of the judges in the *Saturday Visiter* competition] was so interested in the successful but unknown competitor [E. A. Poe], that he invited him to his house. Poe replied, 'Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary.'

"Mr. Kennedy at once sought out the unfortunate youth, and found him friendless and almost starving."

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

his apparent discourtesy by the remark that he was trying *to divide his mind*, to carry on a conversation at the same time that he was writing about a totally different subject. The session at the University terminated on December 15, 1826, when, bidding farewell to his many friends there, Poe started for home. The story of his reception may be briefly told. Mr. Allan objected to paying his godson's so-called "debts of honour," contracted during a twelvemonth's residence amongst a number of extravagant, wealthy young men, and Edgar, in a fit of boyish indignation, left home.

The lad's dearest companion in Richmond was a young fellow of his own age, named Ebenezer Berling. This youth had been accustomed to accompany the poet on his walks and visits, and was his especial confidant. Miss Royster, to whom he was known, has described him to me as an interesting, intelligent youth, but as somewhat inclined to dissipation. After his trouble at home, Poe determined to start for Greece, and proffer his services against the Turks. Berling, who was a widow's only child, agreed to accompany him, but at the last moment succumbed to his mother's entreaties, and backed out of his agreement. Apparently he was in delicate health, as he died soon afterwards. The general peace caused Poe to abandon his project.

It was not till after he left the University Poe learnt that his lady-love was married, and why his impassioned appeals had met with no response. Instead of dying of a broken heart, he embalmed the memory of his first passion in much melancholy verse, and when, in the course of his wanderings, he visited his natal city, Boston, he published these compositions in his first volume, "Tamerlane and other Poems," gracing the title-page with this significant motto from Cowper:

> "Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
> And make mistakes for manhood to reform."

Early in 1829 he was recalled to Richmond by news of his foster-mother's dangerous illness. He arrived too late: Mrs. Allan was dead and buried before his return. Mr. Allan seems to have lost any affection he might have had for the prodigal, but could scarcely turn him adrift at such a moment. Eventually he obtained a cadetship for him at West Point Military Academy, where Poe was admitted on July 21, 1830, and remained there till March, 1831. The qualities which had made him a favourite in previous institutions also rendered him one at the Academy, although the severity of the discipline and paucity of the recreation there must have jarred harshly upon one of his erratic temperament. It is recorded "the impression left by Poe in his short career at the Military Academy was highly favourable." He might have left with honours, but news from home created a revulsion of feeling. Shortly after his wife's death Mr. Allan had married again, and now a son had been born to him. Poe was speedily informed that he was no longer his godfather's heir, and deeming the army was no place for a poor man, he contrived to obtain his dismissal from West Point.

From an engraving done in Paris. By permission of Miss Amelia F. Poe. **William Clemm, Jun., at the age of 21.**

Father of Virginia, the wife of Edgar Allan Poe.

He determined to offer his services to the Poles, who were in revolt against their Russian oppressors, so wrote to Colonel Thayer, superintendent of the Military Academy, requesting to be granted a certificate of "standing" in his class, for presentation to the Marquis de Lafayette, at Paris, a sympathiser with the Poles, and who, as a faithful friend of the cadet's grandfather, General Poe, would doubtless interest himself on the young man's behalf. The capitulation of Warsaw put an end to Poe's military aspirations.

He now turned to literature as a profession. Little is known of his struggles until the autumn of 1833, when he appears at Baltimore as the winner of a One Hundred Dollar Prize offered by a local publication for the best tale sent in. One of the adjudicators, John P. Kennedy, a kind-hearted, wealthy, popular novelist, interested himself in the affairs of the young prizeman, whose funds were at a very low ebb. Kennedy gave him free access to his table, "the use of a horse for exercise, whenever he chose; in fact, brought him up from the very verge of despair."

Aided by such a friend, one who stood by him and helped him at many a pinch, as Poe gratefully acknowledged, the poet's state was bound to improve. Through Kennedy's introduction and persistent recommendations, the young author became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*; an appointment which began a series of editorial successes for Poe, whereby he changed a number of effete or moribund periodicals into brilliant and profitable publications. He gained some glory and the publishers much pecuniary profit. It is certainly to Poe's credit that his employer, Mr. White, lost no opportunity, after his wayward editor had left, of speaking well of him, although he did injure the poet's future career by urging him to "stick to the department of criticism." This suggestion of publishers for whom he worked, to "stick" to the castigation of literary small-fry, created numerous unscrupulous enemies for Poe, and although it did increase the sale of certain periodicals, deprived the public of many priceless poems and stories. Poe made strong friendships with his publishers and editors; and many of them, such as White, Godey, Graham, N. P. Willis, Thompson, and others, were amongst his firmest defenders when, after his death, his honour was assailed by hooligans of the Press. Mr. G. R. Graham's defence of his dead friend was all the more valuable because he had been the employer of Poe's chief assailant, Griswold, and knew the character of both the men; whilst N. P. Willis not only gave Poe such work as he could on his paper, but was always ready to allow him control of its columns for his own uses.

As soon as Poe obtained a regular salary by his editorship he married his cousin Virginia, daughter of his widowed aunt, Mrs. Clemm, with whom he had taken up his abode. No husband was ever more devoted to wife than was the poet to his child-bride, who was only fourteen, and no mother was ever more watchful than was Mrs. Clemm over her nephew. When the poet gave up his post at Richmond, Mrs. Clemm accompanied the husband and wife to New York, and attempted to lessen the household charges by accepting boarders. Mr. William Gowans, a wealthy bibliopolist, who lodged with the family, has given a very favourable account of Poe's character. He states:

"For eight months or more . . . I saw much of him. . . .

From a daguerreotype of 1849. **Mrs. Clemm.**

"My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

Poe's sonnet, "To My Mother."

From an old engraving. **William Gowans.**

"An interesting account of the poet's limited *ménage* at this epoch of the story [1837] has been given by the late William Gowans, the wealthy and eccentric bibliopolist, who boarded with Mrs. Clemm."

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

He was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have met with during my journeyings through divers divisions of the globe; beside, he had an extra inducement to be a good man as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness . . . a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness,"

and much more to the same effect.

Many similar testimonials to the goodness, docility, and even sobriety of Poe's character might be cited, but as men who had nothing to do with a literary man's private life have exposed, exaggerated, and dogmatised over the one unfortunate blot upon Poe's escutcheon, and as the poet might well have declared—

> "I am traduced by tongues which neither know
> My faculties, nor person, yet will be
> The chronicles of my doing,"

it is but fair to allow the accused to answer the charge made against him of intemperance. He wrote on April 1, 1841, to his friend, Dr. Snodgrass:

"At no period of my life was I ever what men call intemperate. I never was in the *habit* of intoxication. I never drank drams. But, for a brief period, while I resided in Richmond and edited the *Messenger*, I certainly did give way, at long intervals, to the temptation held out on all sides by the spirit of Southern conviviality. . . . It is now quite four years since I have abandoned every kind of alcoholic drink. . . . My sole drink is water."

At the death of his beloved wife Poe's habits degenerated and at intervals he was absolutely insane; driven so by drink, acting upon a highly sensitive mind and upon a frame physically weakened by actual want. With all the strength of body and mind left to him, the unfortunate man strove to resist temptation; as he wrote to a beloved friend:

"The terrible agony which I have so lately endured—an agony known only to my God and to myself—seems to have passed my soul through fire and purified it from all that is weak. Henceforward I am strong:—this those who love me shall see—as well as those who have so relentlessly endeavoured to ruin me."

The number of talented women who befriended Poe, especially during the last few years of his life, is remarkable. Stedman pointed out that towards women Poe had "a kind of chivalry, from his childhood, attached to his conception of them"; and Poe was fond of quoting Puckle's dictum, "A well-bred man never gives himself the liberty to speak ill of women." Poe always paid deference to women socially, or as a critic, in the latter capacity often rendering them more praise than they were entitled to. He frequently imparted such intensity of language to his expression of gratitude or admiration that his meaning has been misunderstood by those unacquainted with the fervour of his style, but those who know the poet's true nature agree with Mrs. Osgood, that during the last few years of his life his affection was never diverted from his wife. "I believe she was the only woman whom he ever truly loved," said the lady, and she refers to his last poetic work, "Annabel Lee," written in memory of his wife, as a touching proof of his lasting affection for her. "It is utterly false," wrote Mrs. Clemm, his wife's mother, "the report of his being faithless or unkind to her. He was devoted to her until the last hour, as all our friends can testify." "How happy we three were in our beautiful home!" (at Fordham), she exclaimed. Mrs. Osgood was a woman calculated to arouse admiration by her mental and physical charms. "*Not* to write poetry,

From a painting. By permission of Miss Amelia F. Poe. **Virginia, wife of Edgar Allan Poe.**

Frances Sargent Osgood.

"Mrs. Osgood, who undoubtedly knew more of the poet's innermost feelings during the last five years of his life than any person outside his domestic circle, said of his wife, 'I believe she was the only woman whom he ever truly loved.'"

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

not to act it, think it, dream it, be it, is entirely out of her power," declared Poe, whilst the lady's feelings for him may be gauged by her lines in the *Broadway Journal*, "To ——"

> "In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
> Whose heartstrings are a lute."—EDGAR POE.
>
> "I cannot tell the *world* how thrills my heart
> To every touch that flees thy lyre along;
> How the wild Nature and the wondrous Art
> Blend into Beauty in thy passionate song—
> But this I *know*—in thine enchanted slumbers
> Heaven's poet, Israfel—with minstrel fire—
> Taught thee the music of his own sweet numbers
> And tuned—to chord with his—thy glorious lyre."

Poe's wife, the innocent Virginia, was as fond of Mrs. Osgood as was the poet, and besought her, when about to travel for her health, to continue to correspond with Edgar, as she deemed her influence had a beneficial effect upon him. Mrs. Osgood treated with scorn the slanders uttered against Poe, and when it is known that a rival for the lady's friendship was Rufus Griswold, it will be understood that they were but too frequently spoken in her hearing.

Of the many ladies who interested themselves in the welfare of Poe and his household, none was less selfish or more helpful than Mrs. Shew. She knew nothing of his literary work or repute, but when told he was in distress, at once gave of her best. From the day she first saw the suffering family, she became their guardian angel. She ministered to the comfort of the dying and the living. The last moments of the fair young wife, who was passing away in consumption, were soothed by her aid. Mrs. Clemm wrote to this good Samaritan: "But for your timely aid, we should have had no last words—no loving messages—no sweet farewells, for she ceased to speak (from weakness) but with her beautiful eyes." The gratitude with which the poet regarded Marie Louise Shew is displayed in the lines "To M—— L—— S——," to her to whom he owed—

From a sketch by R. F. P.

Mrs. Whitman.

> "The resurrection of deep buried faith,
> In Truth—in Virtue—in Humanity."

Poe, especially after his wife's death, could not exist without some kind woman's advice and sympathy. Not long after worldly cares had called Mrs. Shew's attention to other spheres of work, the poet's thoughts were attracted by the writings of Mrs. Whitman. In a lecture he gave on "The Female Poets of America," he assigned to her "pre-eminence in refinement of heart, enthusiasm, imagination, and genius, properly so called." Poe was not personally acquainted with her, but rumour averred that after delivery of his lecture, wandering at midnight near where she lived, he beheld her walking in a garden, and he is supposed to have furnished some authority for the incident in his lines,

> "I saw thee once—once only—years ago."

An exchange of verses ultimately led to an introduction and a correspondence, on Poe's part of a most impassioned character. The two poets were engaged to be married conditionally, but Poe was accused, falsely or not, of having broken the terms of their contract, and the lady reclaimed her promise. Although Poe, not without reason, deemed Helen Whitman to have used him ungenerously, the lady herself never forgot that he had been her affianced lover and the object of her devotion. To the last days of her life she treasured the memorials of his admiration, and her home was as "a Mecca of the mind" to all who revered the works and words of the author of "The Raven." The most beautiful offering at the shrine of his genius

After a pencil sketch.

Mrs. Marie Louise Shew.

"The last days of the poet's wife had been soothed by Mrs. Shew, and the final care of the dead lady's remains was undertaken by that same friend."

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

From a photograph. By permission of Miss Amelia F. Poe. **Judge Neilson Poe,**

Cousin of Edgar Allan Poe, who befriended Poe in his later years and was with him at his death.

is Helen Whitman's little book, "Edgar Poe and his Critics."

Probably no one save his "lost Lenore" ever aroused Poe's feelings so deeply as did the lady known as "Annie." His friendship for her, his "dear, true sister," and the aid and sympathy of her family, constituted the brightest beam of happiness in his lonesome latter years. To this congenial and appreciative spirit the poet indited his "most musical, most melancholy" lines, "For Annie," and in his last letter home to Mrs. Clemm was a message of faith and gratitude for "Annie." The lasting impression he made upon the lady's mind was most favourable, and she declared to me her belief that "he was incapable of a mean or dishonourable act towards any human being." After Poe's death "Annie" was a true friend to his "more than mother," Mrs. Clemm, and gave her a home as long as she desired it.

From a daguerreotype. **Elmira Royster (Mrs. Shelton).**

When Poe's engagement with Helen Whitman was broken off, he went South on literary affairs. At Richmond he learnt that his first love, Elmira, was a widow. He called upon her, and in a little while renewed his addresses. She asked time for consideration, but with his usual impetuosity Poe declared, "a love that hesitated was not a love for me." They became engaged. A few weeks later, just before the wedding bells should have rung out their "golden notes," the poet met with an untimely fate. The end came suddenly. Poe's troubled spirit passed away on October 7, 1849.

THE LIFE-STORY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

By Mary Bradford Whiting.

THERE are few modern poets of whom so little is known as the brilliant and erratic genius who first saw the light on January 19, 1809. This ignorance arises not so much from lack of information as from the amount of false information that has been given to the world by Griswold and other of his early biographers. They would have had us believe that Poe was a dissolute being, the child of a couple of strolling players, who inherited his parents' vagrant and unsatisfactory habits of life.

There is a grain of truth in this story, as there is in most misstatements; but it is not the less misleading on that account. The poet's mother was certainly an actress, touring in the States at the time of her marriage with David Poe, but she was a clever and beautiful Englishwoman, and her husband was well born. His

grandfather, John Poe, was descended from one of Cromwell's Irish officers who went to Pennsylvania in 1745; and his father, who fought in the War of Independence, was an Assistant Quartermaster-General in the United States Army.

David's marriage so displeased his father that he was forbidden the house, and the struggles and privations that he and his young wife endured ended in their early death. The little Edgar Allan, not three years old at the time of his parent's death, was adopted by his godfather, from whom he had received his second name. There can be no doubt that he inherited from his paternal stock the Celtic characteristics of which he speaks in "William Wilson," a tale which is to some extent autobiographical:

"I am the descendant of a race whose imagination and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable, and in my earliest infancy I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed, becoming for many years a source of serious disquietude to my friends and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. My voice was a household law."

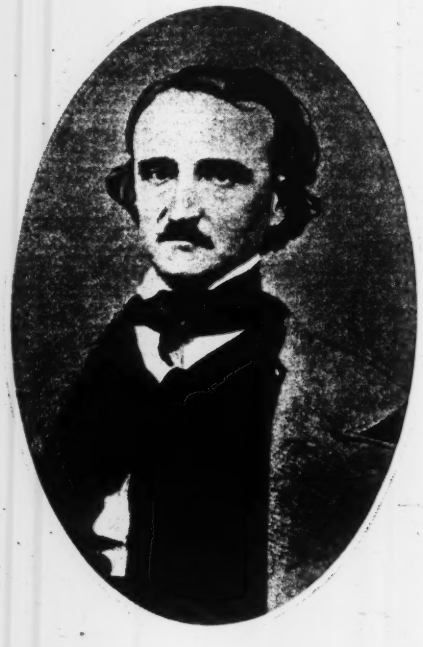
It was whilst he was at school in England that Poe came under the care of Dr. Bransby, who found him not a "bad" boy in the ordinary sense of the term; he needed wise watching and careful discipline, certainly, but his caprices and passions sprang from genius and not from depravity. How naturally and purely spiritual his youthful passions were is evidenced by the verses "To Helen," which were written after his return to America.

As nearly as can be ascertained, Poe was fourteen when he first saw Mrs. Stannard; she was the mother of one of his schoolfellows, and her beauty and the sweet welcome with which she received him at her house thrilled him with an instant admiration, or rather, an adoration:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, way-worn wanderer, bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome.

"Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand;
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!"



From a unique photographic copy of a destroyed daguerreotype, circa autumn, 1848. **Edgar Allan Poe.**

This is not love; it is a purely imaginative devotion, and yet it is not the outcome of imagination alone. Real grief can only be aroused by real passion, and when Mrs. Stannard soon afterwards died, the boy haunted her grave for months, weeping over it in an anguish of regret for all that he had lost, drowning his soul, as it were, in a wild melancholy the echoes of which are plainly heard in his later lyrics.

The statement that Poe was expelled from college has been frequently repeated since it was made by his first biographer, Griswold, and it is not surprising that a movement should have been set on foot by the members of the University of Virginia, with the object of clearing his name. The University librarian, as far back as 1869, made an exhaustive search among the records, and stated that although Poe left without taking a degree, he had already passed several successful examinations, and that as no entry of his expulsion could be found, it was certain that he was not expelled. What happened at this period of his career remains a mystery. What is really known is, that after an absence from home, he returned in February, 1829, to find that his adoptive mother was dead; and his godfather's speedy second marriage led to his expulsion from home. Brought up as the heir to great wealth, petted, spoiled, and encouraged in expensive tastes, allowed, as he himself says, to make his voice "a household law," he now suddenly found himself penniless and with absolutely no prospect open to him. He resolved to earn his living by writing, and with the need of womanly sympathy which was so marked a feature in his character, he went to Baltimore in the year 1833 to make his home with his widowed aunt, Mrs. Clemm.

Mrs. Clemm had a lovely young daughter, Virginia, who was at once the playmate and pupil of her cousin, and in the year 1835, when he was twenty-eight and she was fourteen, they were married.

One of the darkest accusations made against the

poet is that by his unbridled passions and his propensity to drink, he broke his child-wife's heart, that he squandered the pittance that should have provided her dying hours with comforts, and that he wounded her loving nature by his continual neglect. But if this accusation were true, it is scarcely possible that Mrs. Clemm would have been devoted to him through life, nor that in death she would have desired to be laid beside her "darling Eddy." The correct account of the matter is probably given by Mr. Graham, the proprietor of the magazine for which Poe wrote during several years:

"Poe's love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering round her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born, her slightest cough causing him a shudder, a heart-chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain."

The description given by a friend of the last days of Virginia's life might have inspired the well-known scene in "La Bohème":

"Everything was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and so poverty-stricken, that I saw the poor sufferer with such a heart-ache! There was no clothing on the bed (which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat on her bosom. This wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness; the coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

In reading these accounts, the question naturally arises, How is it that Poe had fallen into this state of abject poverty? From the time that he had gained the prize of a hundred dollars offered for the best story by the proprietors of the *Saturday Visiter*, he should have had little difficulty in finding employment. His contributions to Graham's magazine brought the circulation up from five to fifty-two thousand, and Mr. Graham spoke of him as "the soul of honour in all his transactions." His severance with the magazine was entirely his own act; it was apparently impossible for him to submit to the trammels of regular occupation, and Mrs. Clemm undertook the office of his literary agent.

"She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean," writes Captain Mayne Reid, "the sole messenger, doing the errands, making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers, frequently bringing back such chilling responses as, 'The article not accepted,' or, 'The cheque not to be given till such and such a day.' No reproaches ever passed Mrs. Clemm's lips, either during her son-in-law's life nor after his death. 'I attended to his literary business,' was her statement to a friend, 'for he, poor fellow! knew nothing about money transactions. How should he, brought up in luxury and extravagance? He passed the first part of the morning in his study, and after

From a photograph taken for the collection of Mr. J. H. Ingram.

Residence of Mr. Allan, Poe's godfather, who adopted the boy on the death of his parents.

From a miniature. **Mrs. David Poe,** Edgar Allan Poe's mother.

he had finished his task for the day, he worked in our beautiful flower-garden and read and recited poetry to us. Every one who knew him intimately, loved him.'"

But Poe's unbusiness-like habits were not the only cause of his distress. His caustic temper made him an ever-widening circle of foes, and his finest productions were so miserably rewarded that "The Raven" is said to have brought its author no more than the sum of two pounds.

Though those who knew him best found most excuses for him, there can be no doubt that his way of life *did* need excuse, and in the following letter to a friend (for the use of which, as of other matter concerning Poe's life and work, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. John H. Ingram) he gives the explanation of his irregularities:

"You say, can you hint to me what was the terrible evil that caused the irregularities so profoundly lamented? Yes, I can do more than hint. This evil was the greatest that can befall a man. Six years ago, a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved wife before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of; I took leave of her for ever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped; at the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. Then again and again, and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane—with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God only knows how often and how much. As a matter of course my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure when I found one in the death of my wife. This I can and do endure as becomes a man. It was the horrible, never-ending oscillation between hope and despair which I could not longer have endured without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I received a new but, O God, how melancholy an existence!"

A man's own account of himself is not always to be trusted, but the testimony of Poe's friends shows his extraordinary susceptibility. Mrs. Shew was the one most capable of understanding his case, for she was a qualified doctor, and she made the following notes while helping to nurse him after his wife's death:

"I decided that in his best health he had lesion of one side of the brain, and as he could not bear stimulants or tonics without producing insanity, I did not feel much hope that he could be raised up from brain fever brought on by extreme suffering of mind and body—actual want and hunger and cold having been borne by this heroic husband in order to supply food, medicine, and comforts to his dying wife."

Her description of the composition of "The Bells" shows the unnatural condition of his brain. Coming one day to her house, he told her that he had a poem to write, but that he had "no feeling, no sentiment, no inspiration." She gave him some tea in the conservatory, and on his complaining of the noise of the bells which were ringing in the neighbouring church tower, she wrote on the paper before him:

"THE BELLS.

By E. A. Poe.

The bells, the little silver bells."

He seized the pen from her and finished the poem without hesitation, but immediately on its completion he fell into a state of exhaustion.

"My brother took him to his own room, where he slept twelve hours and could scarcely recall the evening's work. This showed his mind was injured, nearly gone from want of food and from disappointment. He had not been drinking, and had only been a few hours from home. Evidently his vitality was low and he was nearly insane; while he slept we studied his pulse and found the same symptoms which I had so often noticed before. We called in Dr. Francis, who said, 'He has heart disease, and will die early in life.'"

This calm and sensible woman advised her patient to take a calm and sensible remedy:

"I did not expect him to live long; I knew that organic disease had been gaining on his physical frame through the many trials and privations of his eventful life. I told him that nothing could or would save him from sudden death but a prudent life of calm with a woman fond enough and strong enough to manage his affairs for him."

From a daguerreotype, circa autumn, 1848. **Edgar Allan Poe**

"The Devil in the Belfry."

"The little chap . . . clapped the big *chapeau-de-bras* upon his head; knocked it down over his eyes and mouth; and then, lifting up the big fiddle, beat him with it."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

"Metzengerstein."

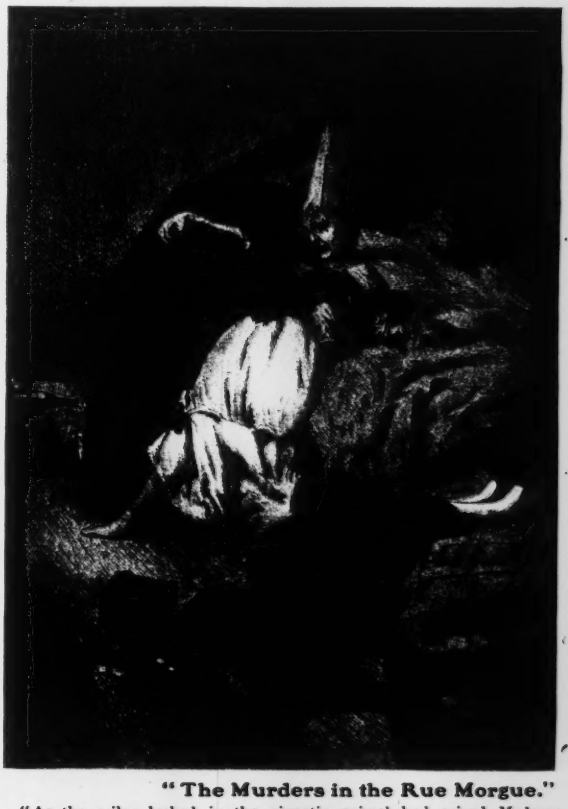
"Clearing at a single plunge the gate-way and the moat, the steed bounded far up the tottering staircase of the palace, and, with its rider, disappeared amid the whirlwind of chaotic fire."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

"The Pit and the Pendulum."

"Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)



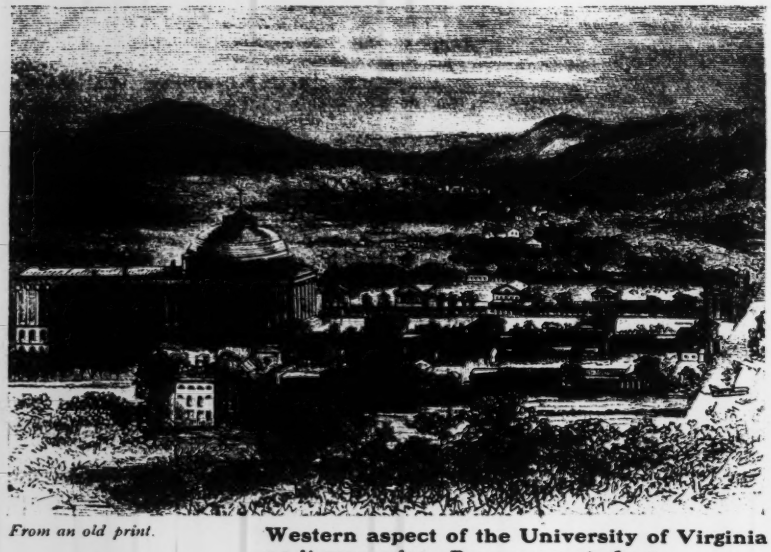
"The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

"As the sailor looked in the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair. . . . With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF E. A. POE'S STORIES.

(From the collection of Mr. John H. Ingram.)



From an old print.

Western aspect of the University of Virginia as it was when Poe was a student.

By most heart-broken husbands this advice would have been looked upon as an insult, but Poe viewed the matter in a different light; to him, inconstancy was a proof of constancy, a paradox which he sets forth in the story called "Eleonora."

"She whom I loved in youth," he says, "and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelt together beneath a tropical sun, in the valley of the Many-Coloured Grass."

But a blighting touch fell upon Eleonora, and as she faded away, she wept to think that her lover would forget her after she was gone.

"And then and there I hurriedly threw myself at her feet and offered up a vow to herself and to Heaven that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of Earth, that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the mighty Ruler of the Universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of him and of her should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here."

To most men, under these circumstances, a second marriage would have been an impossibility, or, at any rate, could only have been entered upon by the abjuration of the vow; but Poe was able to discover a third course—the forming of a new union would not destroy but fulfil the old, and he therefore entered upon it as a duty:

"What indeed was my passion for the young girl of the Valley in comparison with the fervour and the delirium and the spirit-lifting ecstasy of adoration with which I poured out my whole soul at the feet of the ethereal Ermengarde? I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked, and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And once—but once again, in the silence of the night, there came through my lattice the soft sighs that had forsaken me, and they modelled themselves into a familiar and sweet voice, saying, 'Sleep in peace! For the spirit of love reigneth and ruleth, and in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven of thy vows to Eleonora.'"

But the love into which he plunged for Helen Whitman was not only the fulfilment of his love for Virginia, it was also to him the fulfilment of his love for Helen Stannard, and in the lines which he addressed to her, he declares that he felt it a "duty" to love her.

After Virginia's death a friend persuaded Mrs. Whitman to send Poe some of her verses, a gift which he at once acknowledged in a letter in which he told that ever since he had first heard of her, "your unknown heart had seemed to pass into my bosom."

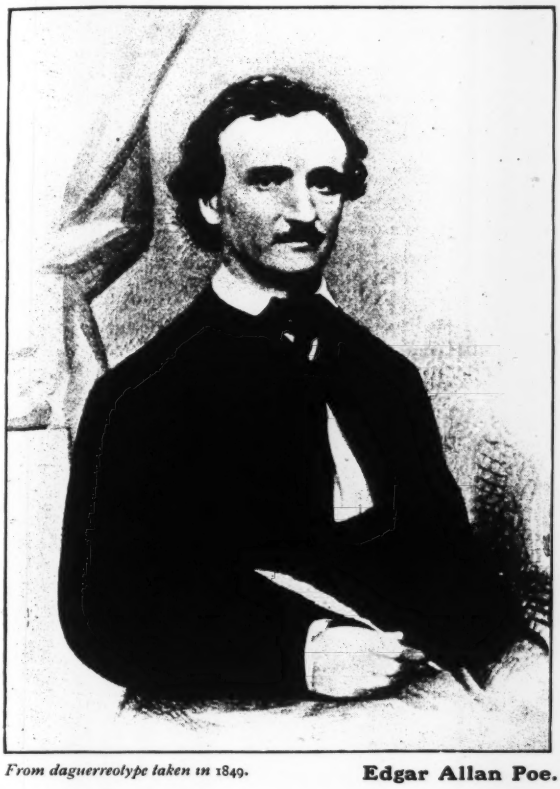
"Judge, then, with what shuddering, overwhelming joy, I received the Valentine which gave me to see that you knew me to exist. I wished to contrive some means of acknowledging, without wounding you by seeming directly to acknowledge, my sense of the honour you had conferred upon me. To accomplish as I wished it precisely what I wished, seemed impossible, however, and I was on the point of abandoning the idea, when my eyes fell upon a volume of my own poems, and then the lines I had written in my passionate boyhood to the first purely ideal love of my soul, to the Helen Stannard of whom I told you, flashed upon my recollection. They expressed not only all that I would have said of your person, but all that of which I most wished to assure you in the lines commencing 'On desperate seas long wont to roam.' Think of the rare agreement of names, and you will no longer wonder that to one accustomed as I am to the Calculus of Possibilities, they wore an air of positive miracle. I yielded at once to an overwhelming sense of fatality."

At the time that he sent this he had not been introduced to her, but they no sooner met than he found himself carried away by a flood of emotion. He wrote:

"As you entered the room, pale, hesitating, and evidently oppressed at heart, as your eyes rested for one brief moment upon mine, I felt for the first time in my life the existence of spiritual influences altogether out of the reach of reason. I saw that you were Helen, my

From a contemporary engraving.

Poe's College at Fordham.



From daguerreotype taken in 1849. **Edgar Allan Poe.**

Helen, the Helen of a thousand dreams—she whom the great Giver of all good had preordained to be mine, mine only, if not now, alas! then hereafter and for ever in the Heavens!'"

It was not much wonder that Mrs. Whitman shrank from the addresses of this strange and vehement lover; for a while she held back, deterred alike by her own misgivings and by the warnings of her friends, and in a frenzy of feeling he went to the house and besought her to have pity on him. His excitement was so great that her mother sent for a doctor, who carried him off for the administration of a course of treatment. This incident was afterwards misrepresented by Griswold in his Life of Poe, and Mrs. Whitman published an indignant denial. Whatever there may have been to forgive, she readily forgave; and on condition that he promised never again to touch the intoxicants that acted like poison on his sensitive frame, she agreed to marry him. Every arrangement was made for the wedding, and Mrs. Clemm, who seems to have fully approved, was waiting to welcome her son-in-law's bride; but when Poe went to Mrs. Whitman's house, she met him with the announcement that she had been told he had broken the promise he had so solemnly made, and that the marriage could never take place.

The blow was a terrible one. Poe's friends did their best to help and comfort him, but the end was now near at hand. On October 2, 1849, he went to Baltimore. Before leaving he had complained of feeling unwell, and it is supposed that he took a sedative and fell into a state of stupor. It was election time, corruption and bribery were rife and votes were openly bought and sold; Poe was seized upon by ruffians, drugged, carried from one polling-booth to another until he had been made to vote in as many as eleven different wards, and then flung out into the streets. He was found by some passers-by, picked up and taken to the hospital, where he died in two or three days.

The tale is best told in Mrs. Clemm's words. When news of his death reached her, she wrote thus of Edgar Poe to a friend who had known many of her troubles:

"Neilson Poe of Baltimore has written to me and says he died of congestion of the brain, and not of what the vile, vile newspapers accuse him. He had many kind friends with him, and was attended to the grave by the *literati* of Baltimore. Severe excitement (and no doubt some imprudence) ~~brought~~ this on; he never had one interval of reason. Some of the papers, indeed nearly all, do him justice. But this, my dear Annie, will not restore him. Never, oh! never, will I see those dear, lovely eyes. I feel so desolate, friendless, and alone!"

The keenest grief of Mrs. Clemm's closing years was the use that Mr. Griswold made of the letters and papers that she had unreservedly put into his hands. Many of the accusations which his book contained were merely the repetition of ill-natured slander; but the lines in which he sums up the poet's character show that he entirely misunderstood the man of whom he wrote:

"Poe's harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in men and women: he had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole

Kindest - dearest friend - My poor Virginia still lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing - like my own - with a boundless - inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more - she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come - oh come to-morrow! Yes, I will be calm - everything you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends you, also, her "warmest love and thanks" she begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home so that you may stay with us tomorrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster.

Heaven bless you and farewell

Edgar A. Poe.

Fordham,
Jan. 29. 47.

Facsimile of a Letter by Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Raven."
From "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.
(G. Bell & Sons.)

"The Raven."
From "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.
(G. Bell & Sons.)

system, with him, was an imposture. He had to a morbid extent that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve, succeed—that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-esteem."

Such censure is altogether beside the mark; it would have been well for Poe if he had had a stronger wish to succeed—a little wholesome ambition would have been a very effective spur to action; but as he himself said, poetry was not a purpose with him, but a passion. Professor Harrison, in his book "New Glimpses of Poe," published in the United States in 1901, speaks of the poet as "a human opal," and says, "The Hamlet-like nature of the man, with its unsteady purpose, its poetic flickerings, its strange logic and boundless inconsequence, makes him a unique psychological study truly Shakespearean in the multiplicity of its facets and angles." It is this "Hamlet-nature" that gives the life and the writings of Poe a never-failing interest; cast adrift in a world too hard for him, he struggled, sorrowed, sinned, and repented, while his whole being was tinged with a sadness that was not less real because he deliberately turned it to poetic uses.

"The tone of the highest manifestation of Beauty is sadness," he says in his "Philosophy of Composition." "Beauty of whatever kind in its supreme development invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all poetical tones. Of all melancholy topics, I asked myself, what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy? Death, was the obvious reply. 'And when,' I said, 'is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?' The answer here is also obvious. 'When it most closely allies itself to beauty.' The death, then, of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world, and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover."

Poe is here telling the story of the composition of "The Raven," but the same strain of poetic melancholy runs through many other of his poems, "Ulalume," "The Haunted Palace," "The City in the Sea," "The Vale of Unrest," etc., and perhaps finds its most perfect expression in the lines "To One in Paradise."

This inherent sadness is a recurring note through the whole of Poe's writings; in the stories, as in the poems, you walk almost always under the shadow of death, but in the stories he reveals less of the melancholy and the beauty of death than of the grim mystery, the agonies, the grotesque horrors, the tragedy and the terror of it. His weirdest, uncanniest imaginings are built up with such a Defoe-like, matter-of-fact, detailed realism that the impossible grows into probability, the marvellous puts on a face of every-day truth and seems perversely natural and real when it is least so. "The Gold Bug"

has been the germ of hundreds of tales of treasure-hunts and puzzling cyphers; there are foreshadowings of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in "William Wilson"; M. Dupin of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" is a wonderful ancestor of Sherlock Holmes; the "MS. found in a Bottle" has had a long line of descendants that have been found in other bottles. It is no exaggeration to say that Poe has influenced, more or less, most of the world's great short-story writers, those of France and England and Germany in particular. America has produced no poet of higher imaginative power or more original genius: he is greater than all but one of her writers of stories, and not second even to Hawthorne.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF POPULAR NOVELISTS.

BY AN ANONYMOUS NOVELIST, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, SIR GILBERT PARKER, F. FRANKFORT MOORE, GEORGE R. SIMS, PERCY WHITE, SILAS HOCKING, EDGAR JEPSON, CUTCLIFFE HYNE, H. C. BAILEY, JOHN GALSWORTHY, THOMAS COBB, BERNARD CAPES, JOSEPH HOCKING, JOHN OXENHAM, AND CHARLES MARRIOTT.

ONE man's hard lot is another's man's bed of roses, and the same steak may be both tender and tough, according to whether the eater is really hungry or whether he is merely making a meal as usual because it is meal-time. Poverty, suffering, luxury, privation, are all, of course, relative terms, and, in a sense, the agony may be equally intense whether one crudely starves to death or dies of a rose in aromatic pain.

But when we talk of the early struggles of the literary aspirant there is a pretty common understanding that the struggle is an all-round reality. We think at once, say, of Goldsmith pawning his new suit to pay arrears of rent to a weeping landlady; we remember how he lived in his garret, "writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score," and how, after eleven years of drudgery as a hack-writer, he thought himself well paid when, at the age of forty, he received sixty pounds for "The Vicar of Wakefield." We do not consider Trollope much of a struggler, though he received less than two hundred pounds in all for his three first novels; but we think of Hood; of Stevenson's modest beginnings; of poor Gissing's difficult career; or are confronted with the statement, that Mr. Gardiner repeats in his "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," to the effect that the largest sum George Meredith has ever received for a novel is £400.

With these preconceived notions of what is before the young writer when he sets out to live the literary life, it is more bewildering than comforting to come upon such a passage as this in Mr. Hall Caine's new book, "My Story":

"But thinking it may cheer the beginner who is trudging through the dark ways of the literary life, knee-deep in disappointments, to see how stiff a struggle it was to me, I will gladly show how modest were my earnings during many of my earlier years.

"I had been working on the *Mercury* for some time at about two hundred pounds a year, eked out by perhaps a hundred more from the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*, when I began to write my first novel. Soon I found myself crippled by want of leisure, and was compelled to realise that I must either abandon my hope of becoming a novelist or curtail my energies—and therefore my earnings—as a journalist. It was a serious crisis, for, taking my heart in both hands, I had married in the meantime, and had other responsibilities. But after serious deliberation with my wife, hardly knowing where we were or what leap in the dark we were making, with infinite misgiving and most natural if ludicrous nervousness, I wrote to my editor in Liverpool asking him to reduce my salary!

". . . My salary was reduced by half, and I wrote and published my first novel. Then my modest success as an author emboldened me to think that I could live without journalism at all; and having ceased to write on the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* from a conviction that the man who wrote books had no right to review books, I resigned the remaining half of my position on the *Mercury* . . . and I trust I do not reveal a fact which will shock the proprietors of the paper, among whom is my friend and colleague Egerton Castle, when I say that during the last year of my connection with the *Mercury* I received my half salary without writing, so far as I remember, a single line.

"Meanwhile, however, I was casting my bread on the waters with rather reckless prodigality, for it was not immediately that my fiction made up to me for the loss of journalism. I had been paid a hundred pounds for my first story as a serial, but when I came to publish the book all I could get was seventy-five pounds for the copyright out-and-out. For my second book I fared only a little better; and for my third, my first Manx story, 'The Deemster,' which contained the work of a laborious year, plus the Manx lore acquired during eighteen years of my youth, I received one hundred and fifty pounds in all."

This may or may not be hardship, but, at least, in the strength of it, one may congratulate Mr. Hall Caine on the obvious fact that he has never sojourned in Grub Street. If we were at liberty to tell plain tales and give names, we could tell of living authors, men of brilliant literary capacities, who have made out of three or four novels of unquestionable merit less than Mr. Hall Caine received for his first book, and who, abandoning the writing of fiction because, good as their work admittedly was, it did not catch the popular fancy, are to this day earning small and precarious incomes from journalism. Knowing these things and how more

than likely it was that a rude awakening must await the literary beginner who accepted Mr. Hall Caine's experiences as typical of the hard struggle that lay ahead of him, we put the question to a number of successful and popular novelists, who have been kind enough to send us their opinions or some note of their personal history. Unfortunately, we are not able to publish all these; in several cases the writer, whilst emphatically denying that Mr. Hall Caine's story represents anything of a "stiff struggle," desires that his communication should be regarded as confidential. But the following are sufficiently representative; the first being written by a very well-known and now popular novelist who consents to our printing his communication but, because he has written so frankly of his private affairs, asks us to withhold his name.

A REAL "STIFF STRUGGLE."

In present circumstances it would be very inconvenient for me to say anything for publication about my own experiences in journalism. I may tell you privately that they were much less rosy than Mr. Hall Caine's. I had fifteen years' experience of provincial journalism, and I know that it is quite common for junior reporters to be paid from 25s. to 35s. a week. Multitudes of really clever men are receiving not more than £2 a week, and thinking themselves lucky if they get £2 5s. or £2 10s. For five or six years I did all sorts of work on a provincial daily for 35s. a week. When I got £2, and had to do reviews of books and occasional leading articles, I thought myself in clover. I always felt that my ledger was in the future. For a number of years I was the correspondent of the *Times* and of another London daily in a great provincial town; at the same time I was on the regular staff of a provincial daily, and I was becoming known as a writer of stories in the magazines, yet I never earned from all these sources more than £150 a year. For my first book I got £10. The book that made my name as a novelist brought me in about £200, and I never got a penny of this sum till ten months after publication. A great deal of extravagant nonsense is talked about the earnings of newspaper men, and it is time somebody told the truth. It is a glorious profession, and I look back upon my journalistic days with real affection, for they formed the most interesting period of my life—far more interesting than being slated by critics!—but it is the hardest of all trades and for the labour exacted the least well paid. This does not mean that newspaper proprietors are mercenary slave-drivers. The competition is tremendous and becomes more pressing every year. Many young fellows go into journalism as though they imagined it was an earthly paradise. It is an everlasting grind, and must be. You are met on all hands by strong, persistent competition, and must keep yourself up to the mark. For twelve years I suppose my average day's work would be from twelve to sixteen hours, and it is the most nerve-exhausting work in the world. You need a constitution of iron, the patience of a saint, and the courage of a martyr. There is no room for young Faint-heart in journalism. If he coddles himself or is flattered at home he is done for. I suppose I should have been better off financially had I been a tinker or a tailor, yet I have no regrets, and would gladly go through it all again if I had a chance. But hard work there must be. When I look back I see the journalistic path strewn with the bones of idlers. It was not that they were all incompetent in the literary sense, but they either could not or would not buckle on their armour for a long, arduous, resolute—and I must add, splendid—fight. They wanted to do only easy things; most of them were theatre or music-hall mad; they could not understand that the true journalist is ready at any moment for all sorts of jobs—and he must be ready, too, not on Monday or Friday, but every day, including Sunday. In early youth I was a shockingly intolerant sectarian in religious matters, but rubbing shoulders with all kinds of Christians knocked that silliness out of me. For journalism is a magnificent educator. It is the unique training-ground for the novelist. It does not follow, as is too often imagined by indolent fellows who nurture very delusive dreams of a "soft time" (which authorship never is), that every journalist is a potential novelist. This is the curse of many. They read about the vast earnings of Mr. Hall Caine and others, and thinking that story-writing is very easy they allow visions of fame and fortune to enervate them into feeble and uninteresting journalists whom no editor wants. If they will do their work earnestly and well as newspaper men, they will make more assured any higher literary destiny that may be coming to them.

I didn't intend to chatter on at this rate. But if

Engraving from picture by S. S. Osgood in the possession of the New York Historical Society. **Edgar Allan Poe.**

there should be anything in this you approve of, you are welcome to use it, but I really must ask you *not to identify me as the writer of it.*

A NOVELIST.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE
endured no hardships.

In my own case I had a small medical practice, so that I can never claim to have endured the absolute hardships which often fall to the lot of the apprentices to literature.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

SIR GILBERT PARKER
on £300 a year.

I do not think an income of £300 a year represents a "stiff struggle" with adversity and for fame and competency. Everything depends upon the standards and conditions of life in which one is moving at the time. There are a great many people who would not think £300 a year represented much anxiety or an unusual combat with circumstances.

GILBERT PARKER.

FRANKFORT MOORE
draws comparisons.

I cannot doubt that many hearts will be wrung by the reading of Mr. Hall Caine's early struggle as described with such pathos by him in his "Story"; but I am not quite so sure that among his most ardent sympathisers he will find many men who had a practical knowledge of journalism and its emoluments twenty-five or thirty years ago. But for the matter of that, I doubt if any young man of indifferent education and only a mercantile training would be able to command, even now-a-days when journalism has become a profession, such a salary as Mr. Hall Caine received. I know for certain that I was for several years on the editorial staff of a newspaper before I earned an income of £200. But then it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hall Caine always possessed the ability of Mr. Hall Caine. Upon the piteous statement that £175 represents the entire sum derived by him from his first novel, any comment involves a consideration of a question of comparison. Compared with the sums earned by Mr. Hall Caine by the publication of a novel now-a-days, £175 is, of course, paltry; but compared with what the majority of authors have made out of a first novel it is not, I venture to think, absolutely contemptible.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

GEORGE R. SIMS
wishes he had felt the "pocket-pinch."

I am afraid that my experiences are not a fair example of the literary struggle.

I had a salary of £600 a year in the City, which I gave up for a time in order to lead what I imagined to be a literary life.

I had secured the privilege of writing a column of gossip called "Waifs and Strays" in the *Weekly Dispatch* for which, at first, I received a guinea a week, and on *Fun* I earned on an average £2 a week.

Photograph from painting by Oscar Halling. By permission of Miss Amelia F. Poe. **Edgar Allan Poe.**

As I did not find this sum sufficient for the joys of life, I went back again to the City and the salary. This meant working in an office from nine till five, and doing my newspaper and magazine work at night, but I did it and remained in the City until my financial success as a playwright had given me an income which enabled me to dispense with a salary.

I struggled for ten years to get a footing in journalism, but though I was then, and always have been, hard up, the bitterness of the pocket-pinch was not part of my experience. I wish it had been—I should have been a better journalist.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

PERCY WHITE
counts Hall Caine's struggle "unheroic."

It seems to me that Mr. Hall Caine marched to success in fiction by the easiest and least discouraging path and that his "dark ways," illumined by the cheerful gleam of a certain £200 a year, are much less sombre than those usually braved by beginners. Well-equipped for the assault, Mr. Caine stormed the citadel of popular success with comparative ease. His public was waiting for him, and all he had to do was to meet it on their common ground.

My own unimportant "struggle" was equally unheroic. After writing in my youth a couple of novels which the publishers wisely rejected, and a short story or two which the magazines amiably printed, I drifted into journalism and, in my spare time, wrote my first published novel, "Mr. Bailey-Martin," which, after

being rejected by most London publishers, was finally issued by Mr. Heinemann. This was my first start. A commonplace writer on commonplace subjects, a commonplace success, on a small scale, has been the result of commonplace effort quite undisturbed by any of those tragic elements which seem to me reserved chiefly for writers of exceptional originality whose talent the public are always slow to recognise.

PERCY WHITE.

SILAS K. HOCKING

thinks Hall Caine had no struggle at all.

I really do not see where Mr. Caine's stiff struggle comes in, nor how his experience can be any encouragement to those who are wading knee-deep in disappointment. According to his own showing he was making £300 a year with his pen when he began to write novels. He sacrificed half his salary on the *Liverpool Mercury, i.e.* £100, so that he might write his first story, for which he got £175, surely not a bad exchange. Most people will be inclined to say, I think, that he had no struggle at all.

A great many fairly successful writers of to-day could tell a very different tale. My own experience, I fear, is scarcely to the point. I have appealed from the first to a particular class, and have only on one or two occasions ventured on a six-shilling novel. My first story brought me £15, and I was very thankful to get that for it. The point with me has always been this: I had no difficulty in getting my first book published. The real struggle—as I know from the crowds of beginners who write to me and send me their MSS. for perusal, as though I had no work of my own to do—the real struggle is when no editor or publisher can be got to take the story, when the poor MS. is returned time after time, and there is no *Liverpool Mercury* or *Athenæum* to fall back upon in the meanwhile. I have never got a quarter of what Mr. Hall Caine has received either at the beginning or since, but I should never think of speaking of my early efforts as a stiff struggle. They proved an easy entrance to a pleasant road.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

EDGAR JEPSON

tells of his own earnings.

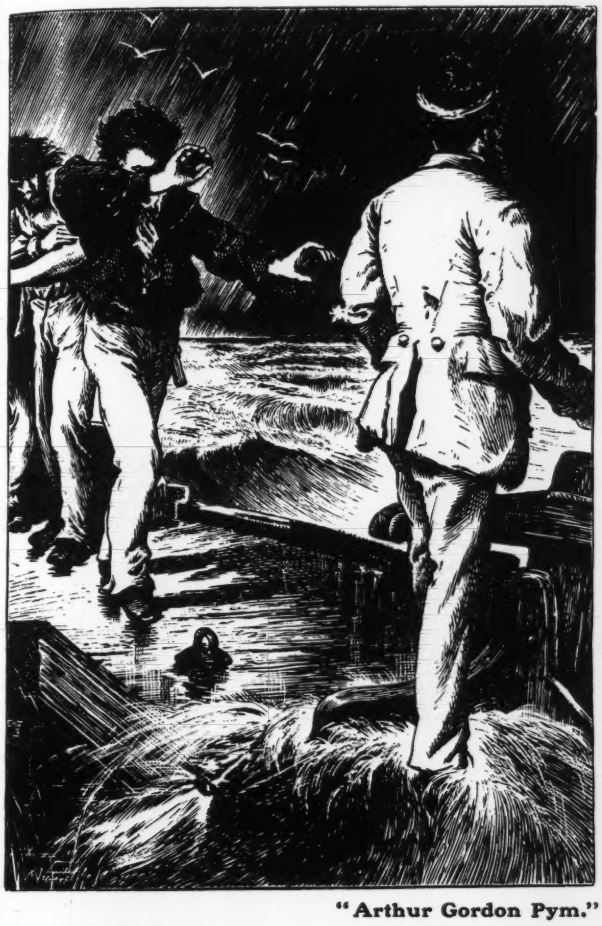
If Mr. Hall Caine reckons £300 a year a "stiff struggle" for the young novelist, and £175 a poor price for a first novel, he began to write in uncommonly favourable times. The fact is that he began at a time when there was, compared with to-day, very little competition. There were fewer writers of any kind; there were still fewer novelists. During the twelve years I have been writing novels, I have known the beginnings of a good many living novelists; and I know half a dozen young novelists at the beginning of their career to-day. It is my experience that not one beginner in twenty makes £60 out of his first novel. I believe that £20 is above the average sum made out of a first novel. I would not undertake to find, in a six months' hunt, three young novelists who began by making £300 a year.

You ask what my own experience at the outset was. Out of my first book, "Sybil Falcon," I made exactly nothing at all; out of my second book, "The Passion for Romance," which I am frequently assured is the best book I ever wrote, I made £2 1s. 8d. Out of my first five books I made £175 6s. 0¾d. They contain some of the best work I ever did; and I have kept the figures as a warning to young men and women desirous of essaying the gamble of fiction.

Things have indeed changed since Mr. Hall Caine began to write. The life of a novel, under present conditions, is three months; the competition is extra-

"Eulalie."

From "Some Poems of Edgar Allan Poe." (Pear Tree Press.)



"Arthur Gordon Pym."
"In five minutes our deck was swept from stem to stern."
From "The Works of E. A. Poe," Edited by John H. Ingram. 4 vols.
(A. & C. Black.)

ordinarily keen; the standard of novels is very much higher. It is very hard indeed even for a good novel to get out of the ruck of good novels of each of which about a thousand copies are sold. The sale of a novel is so much a matter of pure luck that publishers cannot, as business men, give the beginner the prices they did. My advice to the young man who proposes to write novels to make money is that he had much better devote his burning genius to the American markets. That is a pleasanter and easier form of gambling. But of course you get other things out of novel-writing besides money; and if you must write novels—well, you must.

EDGAR JEPSON.

CUTCLIFFE HYNE

made £150 a year after six years' working.

Mr. Hall Caine's statement about his early literary earnings may be true; but do they represent his earnings from the start? Or were they other than literary earnings?

You ask me what mine were. That is easily answered. For the first three years after I came down from Cambridge I worked like a horse at writing, and did not earn a halfpenny. I wrote six long novels, which did not advance past the manuscript stage. I then descended to writing boys' books, and sold two to Blackie's for something like £30 apiece, and one to Sampson Low's for about the same sum. Not knowing better, I sold the copyright, and I see that Sampson Low have this year reissued the book I sold to them.

I was working six years before I made £150 a year, and during all that time I was travelling about the world, getting material at first hand. Afterwards, I made a good thing out of it.

C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

H. C. BAILEY

cannot see the "stiffness."

I am sorry that I cannot see the "stiffness" of the "struggle" described by Mr. Hall Caine.

As for my own experience, my first novel was written while I was still an undergraduate in the brief intervals of rest provided by a benevolent University. I had therefore no opportunity of sacrificing more remunerative work to its composition. The second publishers who saw the MS.—Messrs. Longmans—bought the serial rights of the book—"My Lady of Orange"—for *Longman's Magazine* and later published it in book form. But I should regard this and any other case of the sale of the serial rights of a first book as rather lucky than typical.

H. C. BAILEY.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

on "Mr. Hall Caine's cheering statement."

Three hundred a year is, on the face of it, a princely beginning for a young man in any profession.

I am afraid that my own literary beginnings were not typical enough for the recital of them to be of any service to the aspirant in letters.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THOMAS COBB

sheds no tears.

All things are relative. In another part of "My Story," Mr. Hall Caine (I quote from memory) writes that no living writer has received larger sums for books than himself; so that comparatively it might appear a "struggle" to live on £300 a year. Although doubtless more than one living writer might be named who has achieved prompt financial success, it must yet be rare indeed to receive £75 for a first novel—to say nothing of the additional £100 for the serial rights. But then Mr. Caine had, I think, already been working at journalism for some time. It is certain that there are a great many well-known contemporary novelists whose books (thanks to the manifolding system of the circulating libraries) have thousands of readers, but who have never earned so much as £300 a year and never will. After all, there are other rewards.

THOMAS COBB.

BERNARD CAPES

believes beginners would like to have Hall Caine's complaint.

Thank you for your suggestion; but I feel that any personal comparisons would be indelicate. I can quite understand the submerged literary tenth taking great comfort from that picture of Mr. Caine, the Colossus, labouring knee-deep through the slough in which they are plunged to the necks, and being stimulated thereby to emulate his courage, if they cannot command his stature—the more so as what were a pittance to him, to them were wealth. But perhaps Mr. Caine uses the term "stiff struggle" in the sense of a "stiff glass," meaning something potent and enriching; in which case a famous drawing by Leech is irresistibly suggested to one. An inebriated citizen lies against a lamp-post; a benevolent old lady exclaims, "He's ill, poor gentleman"; a scornful cabby rejoins, "Hill! I on'y wish I'd got arf 'is complaint." I fancy that the average literary beginner would be very well content with a half, or even a quarter, of Mr. Caine's original complaint; but it is possible that I may be deducing from a single instance.

BERNARD CAPES.

JOSEPH HOCKING

shows no sympathy.

It is impossible to give anything like a sufficient answer to your question, seeing I have not read Mr. Hall Caine's new book. Personally I should say that your résumé of his experiences can scarcely be said to describe a stiff struggle. When a man receives £200 a year from one newspaper and "ekes it out with perhaps £100 more" from two others, there is no suggestion of starving in a garret. Many a young writer would regard such an income as wealth.

With regard to my own experiences at the outset of my career, I have but little to say. I commenced writing when I was about twelve years old, and kept on receiving rebuffs until I was about twenty-four. But I have never at any time in my life been dependent upon literature for my income—that is to say, I have always had a profession which at least provided me with bread and cheese. During the earlier years of my literary life I wrote because I loved writing, and not because I expected anything like a remuneration for it.

I should not care to divulge the sum that I received for what I regard as my first novel. It was so ridiculously small and yet the book has sold by many thousands of copies. However, as the publisher has since told me, its publication gave me my chance.

JOSEPH HOCKING.

JOHN OXENHAM

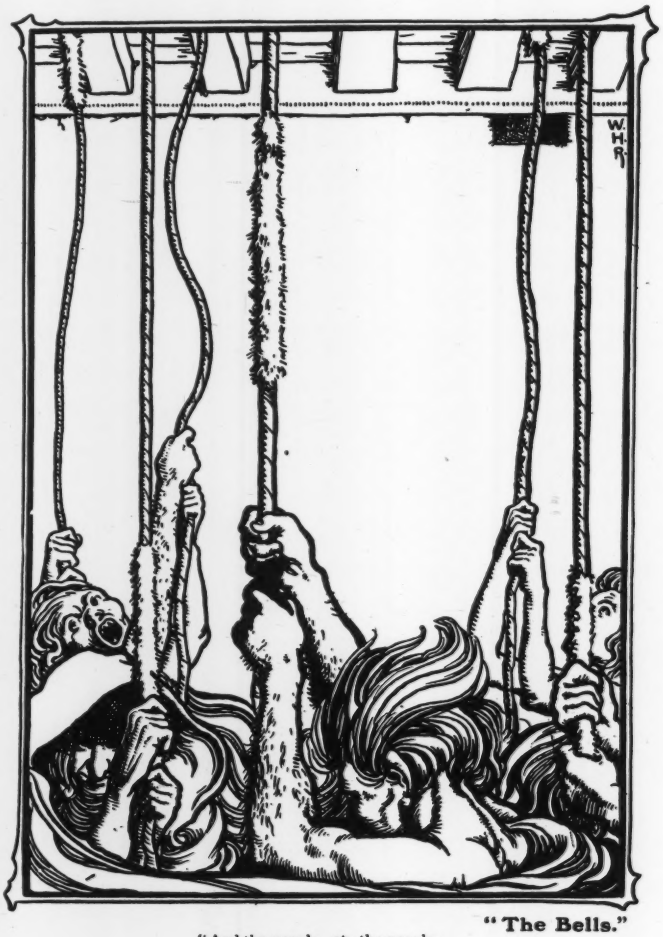
warns the beginner.

Most beginners would, I should say, rejoice, or at all events be extremely well content, to struggle as stiffly as Mr. Hall Caine did on the half of £300 a year with £175 added for their first book.

The struggle has undoubtedly got stiffer since Mr. Hall Caine's early days. If any one who is contemplating attempting a living out of writing wishes to read what I believe to be a true account of the weariness of the strife that may be involved thereby, let him turn to George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which he can procure anywhere for sixpence. He sums up his own feelings in these grim words: "With a lifetime of dread experience behind me I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature,' commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority, I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear."

Mr. Gissing was possibly somewhat pessimistic at times, but there is, without doubt, truth in his pronouncement.

In my own small case—since you ask about it—I can only repeat what I have said elsewhere. I took to writing of a night as an alterative (please do not let your proof-



"The Bells."

"And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone."

From "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. (G. Bell & Sons.)

reader make it alternative !) to the dull grind of business life, and I wrote for the sheer pleasure of escape into a new world of my own invention, where I could, to some extent at all events, have things a little bit my own way. I was not writing for bread and cheese but for the pleasure of writing. When a time came to choose between writing and the market-place, I had fortunately got a small footing, and cheerfully burning the market-place, I plumped with all my heart for letters—thereby taking risks which I sometimes look back upon now with a shiver. The outcome, however, justified me, and has left me grateful. My first year's efforts, I see, brought me in about £25, the next year about £100.

JOHN OXENHAM.

CHARLES MARRIOTT

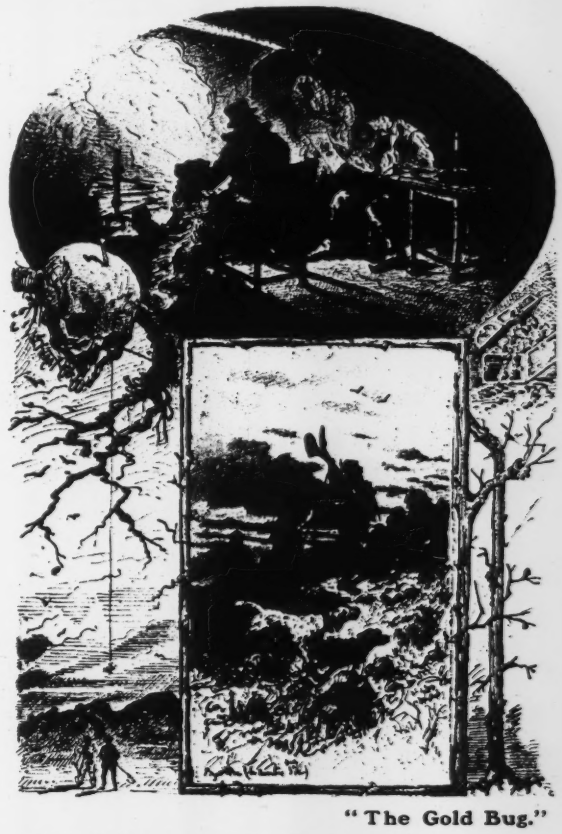
finds Hall Caine's experience misleading.

If Mr. Hall Caine calls living on £300 a year a "stiff struggle," it is quite obvious that he doesn't know the meaning of hardship. Anyhow, as a practical guide to the "literary beginner" his experience is almost wickedly misleading. So far from "encouraging" the beginner who has already begun, it is more likely to afflict him as a callous mockery. The man who after five or six years' hard work is making £300 a year by writing may consider himself a very lucky fellow.

"Hans Pfaall."

"Hans Pfaall himself, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen in a tippling house in the suburbs, having just returned with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)



"The Gold Bug."

"He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

With regard to my own experience: I've never done any regular journalism, so that I can only speak as a novelist and writer of occasional articles.

When I wrote my first novel, my wife and I with two children were living not uncomfortably on £150 a year. This took me from nine till six every day to earn by a fairly exhausting occupation, so that I had only the evening for writing. I sold my first novel outright for £25. As it promised to be something of a success my publisher very good-naturedly offered to break the agreement and give me a retaining fee of £60 a year for two years on condition that I gave him the first refusal of the novels I wrote in that period. So that for my first novel I may be said to have received £145—conditionally. I believed, and still believe, that I was exceptionally lucky.

A small legacy enabled me to accept my publisher's offer and give up my employment. For the next two years my actual earnings by writing amounted to £366 13s. 1d. This sum represents two novels, twelve short stories, the same number of miscellaneous articles, and a little reviewing.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

New Books.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW BOOK, "MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."*

By the Earl of Ronaldshay.

Under the appropriate title of "My African Journey," Mr. Churchill gives us a readable account of the expedition which he made through British East Africa during the latter part of 1907, while still officially connected with the Colonial Office as Under Secretary. The record of his wanderings which he here gives us takes the form of a popular narrative of travel. Facts and figures, as he reminds us in his preface, are already on record in profusion, and—mindful, perhaps, of laborious hours spent in enforced perusal of statistical abstracts and blue-books—he decides to avoid them, a decision for which the reader will doubtless be duly grateful. On two or three occasions only do any figures creep into the narrative, and on one at least of these they would have been better left out, for while we are told at one moment (p. 85) that the Victoria Nyanza is 4,000 ft. above sea level, we are led to infer at the next (p. 129) that its altitude is 3,500 ft. It matters little, however, to the average man whether the height of any particular sheet of water be 3,000 ft. or 5,000 ft.; what he desires is to obtain with as little mental exertion as possible a vivid picture of lands which he will probably never see, but which constitute a not unimportant part of the British Empire.

In Mr. Churchill's book the picture is vividly and attractively drawn. Here and there he employs a somewhat extravagant language to describe matters of insignificant detail, as, for instance, when, having presented a dressing-gown purchased on the outward journey to a local chief in the Lado Enclave, he tells us that "thus the fabrics of Cathay were by the enterprise of Europe introduced into the heart of Africa"; and now and again the party politician peeps out, as when he describes those who preserve game in England "with so much artificial care, and to the inconvenience of other dwellers in a small island," as "perverse and unenterprising folk"; but on the whole there is little to criticise and much to praise in the story which he unfolds.

From Mombasa he carries us along the Uganda Railway—"one slender thread of scientific civilisation, of order, authority and arrangement, drawn across the primeval chaos of the world"—causing us to alight at intervals to accompany him in pursuit of rhinoceros, lion, or pig, to look on at the wildly gyrating figures of a kikuyu war dance, or to take part in a discussion of the questions of the day as they present themselves to the white community of the East African Protectorate. "Every white man in Nairobi," we are told, "is a politician." A distracting medley of problems "confront the visitor in perplexing disarray," of which, *facile princeps*, is that of the white man *versus* the black, and the brown man *versus* both. To this thorny question Mr. Churchill attempts to supply an answer. East Africa, he thinks, can never be a white man's country in the true sense of the word, for proof is wanting that "the pure-bred European can rear his children under the equatorial sun and at an elevation of more than 6,000 ft." The same doubt is expressed later on with regard to Uganda. Here "every white man seems to feel a sense of indefinable oppression. A cut will not heal; a scratch festers. In the third year of residence even a small wound becomes a running sore. . . . Whether it be the altitude, or the downward ray of the equatorial sun, or the insects, or some more subtle cause, there seems to be a solemn veto placed upon the white man's permanent residence in these beautiful abodes."

* "My African Journey." By Winston Churchill, M.P. With 64 Illustrations and Maps. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In any case the desire of the white man to make East Africa a white man's country does not bring him into collision with the black aboriginal. The black aboriginal plays an important part in the white man's scheme, for, whatever Mr. Churchill may have said with regard to a similar question in another part of Africa from his political platform in 1906, he here admits that "the white man absolutely refuses to do black man's work."

But the brown man from India is another matter. In all manner of occupations—trading, farming, banking, contracting, engineering, building, accounting—the Asiatic steps in and ousts the European. Here, then, in Equatorial Africa we find waiting for solution a problem—immeasurably complicated by reason of the fact that the brown man from India is himself a British subject—which is at the same time perplexing the statesmen of Great Britain in such different parts of the Empire as Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. The chances of finding a reasonable solution are, however, greater here than in other countries. The immediate course of sound policy, Mr. Churchill thinks, would seem to lie in reserving the highland areas for exploitation at the hands of the white man, while at the same time encouraging the Asiatic to trade and settle in "the enormous regions of tropical fertility to which he is naturally adapted."

From Nairobi the railway winds through magnificent scenery to the great lake. At Naivasha we are given a glimpse of a Government stock farm and learn how by judicious crossing the progeny of the native sheep "a hairy animal" is being transformed into "the woolled beast of familiar aspect," and that of the humped African cattle into a "respectable British shorthorn."

Beyond the railway lies Uganda. Of its entrancing scenery, its immense productivity, and its attractive people Mr. Churchill writes with undisguised admiration. "The kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale." In the rich domain between the Victoria and Albert Lakes "an amiable, clothed, polite, and intelligent race dwell together in an organised monarchy." Everything grows here better than it grows anywhere else—cotton, rubber, hemp, cocoa, coffee, tea, oranges, pineapples. "As for our English garden products, brought in contact with the surface of Uganda they simply give a wild bound of efflorescence or fruition, and break their hearts for joy." At first sight, indeed, Uganda appears to be paradise upon earth, and it is not until closer acquaintance is made with this fair country that the dark shadows which overhang it become apparent. Nature resents the intrusion of man, and sends forth her armies in the shape of insects to fight him. The dreaded *Spirillum* tick infests the land and takes satanic delight in spreading the poison of a peculiarly painful fever. But far worse than the *Spirillum* tick is the species of tsetse-fly known as *Glossina Palpalis*, whose baneful occupation of carrying the germs of "sleeping sickness" from man to man is carried on with hideous success. "In July, 1901, a doctor of the Church Missionary Society hospital at Kampala noticed eight cases of a mysterious disease." By the middle of 1902 over 30,000 deaths had been reported, and by the end of 1905 the number had reached 200,000 out of a population in the plague-stricken regions "which could not have exceeded 300,000." The story of the war now being waged against this scourge will provide one of the most interesting alike in the annals of British administration and of medical science.

We have no space to follow Mr. Churchill as he trekked north, passing from the regions of equatorial luxuriance to the two great deserts—"the desert of sudd and the desert of sand"—to emerge finally in the tourist-ridden land of Egypt, traversed by the "comfortable sleeping-cars

of the Desert Railway and the pleasant passenger steamers of the Wady Halfa and Assouan reach." But we note that in spite of his being fully alive to the dark side of the Uganda picture, his first enthusiastic impressions of that country remain uneffaced by subsequent travel. Speeding down the White Nile to the Sudan and Egypt which lie before him, he reverts to his opinion that "the best lies behind. Uganda is the pearl"; and when finally he comes to sum up the conclusions formed as a result of the journey, they are comprised in the words—"Concentrate upon Uganda." In a concluding chapter the steps which should be taken to develop the immense latent wealth of the country are discussed, and the conclusion arrived at is summed up in the three words—"Build a railway." The Uganda Railway at present stops short on the threshold of that country: with steam transport linking up the Victoria Nyanza with the Albert Nyanza immense stimulus would be given to enterprise and an incalculable boon conferred upon the country.

The book is illustrated with a number of photographs and has three small maps.

RONALDSHAY.

THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.*

Like a tale of R. L. Stevenson's, this reprint bears a very copious title: "Certain Narratives of the Voyages of the Dethroned Emperor on the *Bellerophon* and the *Northumberland* to Exile in St. Helena: The Romantic Stories told by George Home, Captain Ross, Lord Lyttelton, and William Warden. . . . with four Plates." Who would not anticipate a feast of good things from such an advertisement? Devotees of Napoleon so fervent as the editor might consider his volume as a new and more splendid version of "Kidnapped," with its hero on the grand scale, its rude sailors and ruffian captains, vast waters, and the lonely isle which closes in the perspective. About the log-books themselves, artless, commonplace, sometimes almost illiterate, there hangs a kind of charm; it would even be possible to turn them into a Greek tragedy reminiscent of the divinely stricken Philoctetes, carried in his own despite to the Lemnian isle. But Philoctetes was brought back living and in triumph to the camp of the Achæans. Napoleon died on his rock, murdered, I think our editor would say, as Sir William Butler has not hesitated to declare was the object they sought, by the English ministers. It is the sad and moving prologue to this drama of exile that we now read, in pages long forgotten. "Not one of these," Mr. Shorter tells us, referring to the narratives of Brocklebank, Warden, Home, and Lyttelton, "has been reprinted in this last half-century."

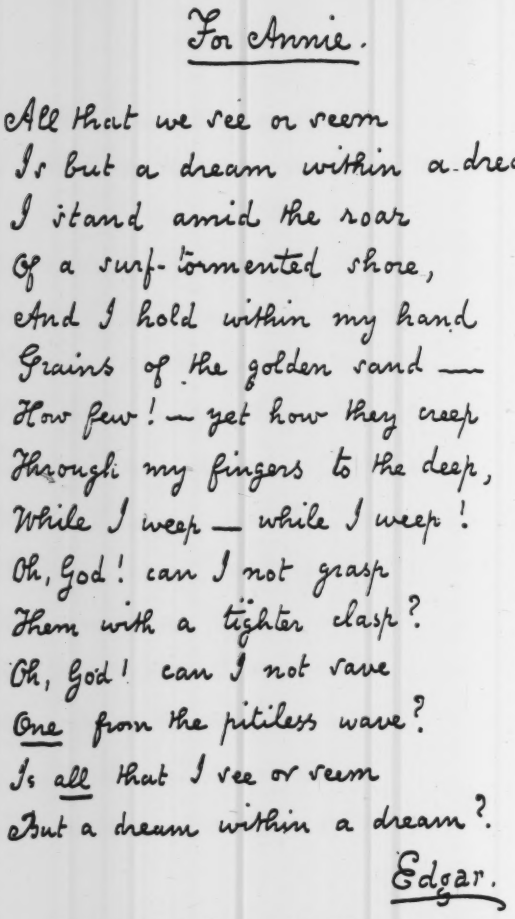
George Home, of the great old Scottish family, was a midshipman on board the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered himself off Rochefort to Captain Maitland. In the oddly named "Memoirs of an Aristocrat," noticeable on other accounts, Home dedicates his seventh chapter to the circumstances of the Emperor's arrival on the ship and his stay in English waters, when thousands flocked to Torbay that they might catch a glimpse of the Corsican monster, about whom they had the strangest ideas. A Gulliver among Lilliputians would have been so stared at, so misconstrued. Captain Maitland behaved like a gentleman, almost the only one, except Sir Henry Hotham, with whom Napoleon came into official contact. Home, the lively Scots boy, adored the Emperor, writes of him twenty-two years after as a very demi-god, and pours bitter scorn upon the Government and the "Holy Allies." He is all aflame with indignation at the "mean fear" which drove Castlereagh and his advisers to deport their unparalleled prize to a desolate isle in mid-Atlantic; and he reiterates with their victim that "England was for ever degraded in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*." But Maitland had no part in tormenting his captive, whose "indescribable charm" won all hearts, and whose smile subdued strangers, like this George, with its "ineffable beauty." The legend of Napoleon, so powerful during the next thirty years, inspiring the young generation who at last overthrew the Holy Alliance, is here seen to be exercising on his enemies themselves a fascination not unmixed with terror. Home would have certainly helped his Philoctetes to escape; and he calls the manner of his farewell to Captain Maitland before embarking on the *Northumberland* "a heart-rending sight." Here is another significant touch: "to be friendly to that great name" of Napoleon, "and to belong to the *Bellerophon*, was considered one and the same thing" ever after those memorable days.

Captain Ross continues the story in a letter dated July 26, 1816, to W. J. Hall of Kingston, Jamaica, which Mr. Wilfrid Meynell published in 1885. His description of "Bonaparté," as he calls him, contains the following sentence: "He is very sallow and quite light *grey eyes*, rather thin, greasy-looking brown hair, and altogether a very nasty, priest-like looking fellow." His own people addressed him as "Your Majesty," but, says the Captain, "John Bull was not quite so civil, as he never got more from us than any other general officer would." The excellent dull Captain! How many general officers of this proportion had the world known since general officers were? It is a pity that John Bull should in such egregious fashion have immortalised his bad manners. Sir George Keith, by orders from London, examined the prisoner's effects; and all his money, except two hundred napoleons, was taken and sent up to the Treasury. Other small tyrannies were practised on the man whom Mr. Gladstone described as "the greatest soldier and greatest administrator in history," but whom the Tapers and Tadpoles handled like a convict bound for Botany Bay. In the eyes of Captain Ross he appeared to be a rather common person, tolerably ill-bred; his voice sounded "very harsh and unpleasing," and, in short, there was nothing about him divine or demonic.

Lord Lyttelton, a strong Radical, whose grand-daughter became Mrs. Gladstone, was permitted to engage in conversation with Napoleon, prior to his departure from Plymouth, on the very day when he passed to the *Northumberland*. In this critical moment the Emperor showed "neither passion nor dejection"; it was impossible "not to admire his quickness, adroitness, and originality" during an interview which lasted two hours, and of which the topics ranged over some most irritating and debatable points. He called St. Helena "une isle de fer," whence escape was not to be thought of; and Lord Lyttelton, with what seems needless cruelty, retorted that the English nation could never trust Bonaparte's word, and so were making sure of his person.

Dr. Warren's "Letters from St. Helena," which went into eight editions in 1816, describe the incidents of the voyage, and give an account, often very minute, of Napoleon's sayings and doings while this naval surgeon stayed on the island, some nine months in all. The doctor was no more a man of genius than the rest who served at Longwood as courtiers, gaolers, or attendants on the tethered eagle. His diary-like correspondence met with savage criticism from the *Quarterly*; it is declared to be worthless by Lord Rosebery in the fine monograph where that admirable writer makes amends by confession for the shabby treatment which was inflicted on England's fallen foe. But when we turn to the "Letters" themselves we are pleasantly disappointed. They will certainly repay our attention. Warren understood no French, and the Emperor could not speak English, though he learned to read it with moderate success. However, General Bertrand served as interpreter; and there is plenty of evidence in

* "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers." Edited by Clement Shorter. 12s. net. (Cassell & Co.)



For Annie.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —
How few! — yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep — while I weep!
Oh, God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Oh, God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that I see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Edgar.

Facsimile of Verses by Edgar Allan Poe.

the conversations themselves and in other witnesses to prove them genuine as well as characteristic utterances, not less valuable in their way than Gourgaud's "Memoirs" On the other hand, Las Cases, after reading the book, complained that Warren had taken no notice of the corrections which were furnished to him; while the hero himself, for whom the narrative was thought in England to be an apology and much too favourable, pointed out that many things attributed to him in the "Letters" did not represent his views or his manner of speech. But when we have made these deductions, in Mr. Shorter's opinion the work is in substance accurate. It deserved the honours of a reprint if the episode of St. Helena was to be fully told again.

Whether we should give credence to Napoleon's account of any single transaction in which he was engaged is another question. He practised in perfect degree the art of saying the thing which was not accumulating against the day of men's judgments upon him a prejudice that could not but weigh him down. "All those maxims that have most scandalised mankind," says Lord Morley, speaking of Machiavelli, "were the daily bread of the Italian soldier who planted his iron heel on the neck of Europe"; nay, Machiavelli had set decent limits and conditions, which the Corsican never observed. He was a past master of "all the devices of fraud and violence." Without attempting to hold the balance now between the Holy Alliance which sent him to his death at Longwood, and the Liberals in whose eyes he appeared as the "armed soldier of the Revolution," we may at least feel sure that his word in the witness-box cannot be taken on its merits. Talk with whom he might, high or low, he pursued the method of his proclamations to the peoples whom he was invading; the truth signified nothing in comparison with his aim, which was to persuade and to subjugate. Heine laughed at the thought of associating Napoleon with freedom, and he was in the right of it. English and American liberty was a foreign idea to him which he could never grasp. And the duty in a ruler of speaking the truth when it was not convenient he would have denied with infinite scorn. The great *condottiere* in prison pleaded like Cæsar Borgia with his tongue after his sword was broken. But he always acted on the reason of State, which he identified with himself; and history cannot give him absolution, though a criminal on this mighty scale is not to be judged like Cartouche or Jonathan Wild.

WILLIAM BARRY.

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.*

Mr. Kenneth Grahame's reputation is indissolubly connected with children, but not with children's books. His delicate art of wistful retrospect makes children real to grown-up people, and gives dulled hearts a breath from forgotten childhoods, but it is not an art that can be enjoyed by any one still so fortunate as to be a child. Its appeal is not only to imagination, but to knowledge. Mr. Grahame writes for people who have passed the barriers, and look affectionately back at their little dead selves playing in the meadows behind them. They know that they are different, now. But the very secret of childhood is a feeling of eternal age. Grown-ups are in no way other than oneself, except that, for some perfectly arbitrary reason, they happen to be in power. As soon as a child thinks he is a child he is so no longer. If you ask a little boy what he is, and he tells you he is a little boy, you may know he is telling you a lie. If he tells you he is a king, or a commander-in-chief, or a motor-car, or a grocer, or some other variety of grown-up thing, you may implicitly believe him. And such a little boy would find Mr. Grahame's books incomprehensible, for in them there is always the consciousness of a gulf between childhood and manhood, a gulf it is a sorrow to have passed, a horrible chasm between dream and reality. Their motive is the pathos of retrospective life in which no child can possibly believe.

"The Wind in the Willows" is an attempt to write for children instead of about them. But Mr. Grahame's past has been too strong for him. Instead of writing about children for grown-up people, he has written about animals for children. The difference is only in the names. He writes of the animals with the same wistfulness with which he wrote of children, and, in his attitude towards his audience, he is quite unable to resist that appeal from dreamland to a knowledge of the world that makes the charm of all his books, and separates them from children's literature. The poems in the book are the only things really written for the nursery, and the poems are very bad.

If we judge the book by its aim, it is a failure, like a speech to Hottentots made in Chinese. And yet, for the Chinese, if by any accident there should happen to be one or two of them among the audience, the speech might be quite a success. Mr. Grahame's book is quite a success from the point of view of the people for whom it was not written. When the grown-up reviewer, after his annoyance with Mr. Grahame for having chosen the wrong language, makes up his mind to think of the book as if it were meant for himself, and grants its author a fairy-story licence he would have done better without, he finds himself reading page after page to the end and spending his time quite happily. A toad, for example, must be allowed to live in large houses, to be imprisoned in gaol, to drive motor-cars, to wear the clothes of an ordinary-sized washerwoman, and yet to consort upon terms of equality with a mole, whose attributes are merely those of nature. A greater man than Mr. Grahame would not have asked so much. But we would

* "The Wind in the Willows." By Kenneth Grahame. 6s. (Methuen.)

willingly have granted Mr. Grahame even more for the sake of "Dulce Domum," that delicious little picture of the rat and the mole in the mole's house, mulling ale on Christmas Eve for the field-mice waits who have come, in red worsted comforters, to sing their Christmas carols.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

THE WORKS OF MR. YEATS.*

"If one writes well and has the patience, somebody will come from among the runners and read what one has written quickly and go away quickly, and write out as much as he can remember in the language of the highway." To have come from among the runners, in his own characteristic phrase, seems the only modest claim an alien can make who sets out to speak of the work of Mr. Yeats. He has now suffered the experience, happy, melancholy, serviceable, or trivial, as the mood may suggest, of having that work collected into one beautiful and complete edition. This is being published by the Shakespeare Head Press in eight volumes, of which six are already issued. On many men, and more especially on many poets, at an age when possibly the weightier part of their life's work remains to be done, this might have a disquieting effect. But Mr. Yeats is singular in our day for his intense absorption and for his intense confidence in his destiny. Very little indeed of these first volumes is given up to the impulsive, unschooled, and early work that for so many writers holds their most endearing charm. Mr. Yeats has almost from the beginning very gravely considered and eagerly accepted this destiny. He has bestowed freely on his art what many men withhold from wife and children. In reverie and in thought he has deliberately set himself apart, pursued steadily one path, deliberately rejected every lure, following only any clue that beckoned to knowledge and the deepening of his insight—folk-lore, mysticism, magic. He has pulled his dreams to pieces; watched his pen writing: student and poet at even pace one with another. He is as interested in his own methods, as critical and studious of their outcome, and as meticulous over the detail of his work, as ever his posterity will be. He never wearies of enriching, simplifying, harmonising his verse. His notes and appendices are rare in studied simplicity of style, and rarer yet for their frank untroubled egotism. The greater the artist the more profound, of course, his egotism must be; for a magnanimous confidence in his gifts and in his cause is a powerful ally in that supreme contest—the one against the many. But it may be none the less powerful for its being secret. And often, too, a certain large indifference to that which, though it may be the best a man can do, is in the long run how little and how soon submerged, smiles down the thought of self. With poetry, moreover, any intrusion of the poet's personality, any graceful naïveté even, may have a distracting effect on the reader. We are all children over our poetry, and dreams vanish at the lightest touch. It must, however, be remembered that Mr. Yeats is writing with a wider purpose than most men. He believes he has a mission to fulfil, and therefore what might seem a needless ostentation on the part of the priest may be really due to the ritual peculiar to his office. He is, apart from his own more personal work, an inspiring leader in a great cause—the founding in Ireland of a national drama. In his own striving after perfection of style, his aim is to hark back through the written tradition, the poetry that is of the artist and of the narrow cultivated class, to the unwritten tradition, the poetry of the people; to return to the vivid and simple sincerity of the one through the culture and art of the other; to win back to innocence by way of experience. It is a hard task enough; but he has set himself also a task far harder even than this. For he wishes to take all the scholars of Ireland along with him. His whole heart is in the legendary and traditional history of his own people. Like an old and tarnished but still enchanted lantern, it has lain half-hidden for centuries. Mr. Yeats has dedicated all his energies to evoking its genie. He once deplored patriotism in the artist. But since then he has written "Cathleen nio Hulihan." Ireland is in his heart. He has for years, whether in the body or out of the body, brooded in the peasant's chimney corner, listened at every keyhole for the lightest stir, the faintest whisper that may help to realise his dream—the dream and hope of kindling in every simple breast this new life and loyalty, of proving to the least of her people that Ireland and he are heirs of incomparable riches. He would make what men call life, however sober, or obscure, or squalid, the binding of a secret romance in which far memories and loveliness and mystery are the realities, and daily experience only their accidental and transitory accompaniment. It is not a new claim or a new justification of poetry. It is implied in all poetry. But how rare, few, and faint are the unwearying followers of any cause! And in this, one surely of the forlornest, Mr. Yeats fares on mind and heart at one, devotedly, unfalteringly, with never-waning courage.

Mr. Yeats repudiates the old and rather indefinite theory of the Celtic influence in literature. To him Celticism means only the ancient beliefs and mythology of a people unusually rich in such welling up into the consciousness of a man patiently and earnestly devoting his days to their reception. These alone will give meaning and beauty and immortality to the Irish drama, to the verses of Irish poets. Ireland for him, her every solemn pool, and green hill, and isle, and cabin; her every wind that blows ("except the east") is haunted with shades and influences, and echoes with cries, beyond all earth's continents else. It is certain that man's inward life is nothing much concerned with the things of earth. Consciousness is only so far as a little

* "The Collected Works in Verse and Prose of William Butler Yeats." 8 vols. £4 4s. net. (Shakespeare Head Press.)

From a photograph.

Edgar Allan Poe's Tomb in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore.

candle throws its beams. And the eye that profits by its light is probably a primitive and falsifying medium. If in some rude and shadowy outhouse of the Phantom Intelligences there squats in a cold corner a kind of natural, swathed in rags, racked with pain, purblind, malformed, and all but deaf, that bundle of semi-consciousness is probably the soul of civilised man. But compared with the sleeping and waking dreams and visions of all mankind, Irish legendry is but as a faint, still lovely picture in an endless and beautiful story book. Apart from this the mere "somebody from among the runners" need not of necessity concern himself with the actual source and inspiration of the Celtic school of poetry. He will find his comfort and refreshment in the fruits of its boughs, though he does not busy himself about the roots of the tree that bears them. Happily, too, the lover of poetry need not yet learn Erse before he can enjoy Irish poetry. Dr. Hyde's exquisite little plays, too, can be read in English; and all Lady Gregory's stories. Whether this little confraternity of gifted Irishmen will succeed in their crusade, almost superhuman in its difficulties and quite inscrutable as to its outcome, time, as the saying goes, will reveal. It is as impossible not to envy their enthusiasm, their docility, their various talents, as it is vain to deplore their hostile aloofness and estrangement from England. This may be a little for their own sake; it is much more for ours. Imperial poetry has somehow proved a contradiction in terms; but have there ever been songs so sweet and wild, or lamentations so beautiful as those of the rebel and the captive by the waters of Babylon? And yet can Mr. Yeats point to any beauty of strangeness, or of homeliness, or of mystery; any character of humour, or of royalty, or of divinity; any delicacy of rhythm or charm of idiom; any restraint and purity in art, or loveliness of imagination—can he point to anything in his plays or poetry that the English mind and taste are incapable of appreciating? So far, indeed, as the plays are concerned, it matters little whether Mr. Yeats's strange and shadowy kings, his beautiful women, his magicians and bards, with their sesames and shibboleths and fascinatting names, are actually present to him, inspiring his verse, as he tells us they are, or are simply the creation of a fecund and imaginative genius. Whether or no, they must at least be actual and present to his reader. Their realisation for *him* is his only hope of their existing at all. Nothing can ever be again simply because it once was. In every poet all earth's beauty must be born anew. It is not time that haunts with sorcery old and far-off things, but imagination. And a living poet is better than a dead dynasty or a dormant mythology, for the simple reason that on him alone, as Guaire on Seanchan, so far at least as this dull world is concerned, their very royalty and divinity depend.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.*

The discussion on Votes for Women has, in these latter days, passed from the realms of academic argument to become a burning question of the market-place and the forum, a question of first political importance, with vital social changes looming when the expected affirmative shall be pronounced. The exultant battle-cry of fair ladies in revolt drowns the muttered misgivings of the unconverted, and the hesitating and reluctant go down into silence—their opposition quietly surrendered—before the banners of Women's Enfranchisement. By many tokens we are nearing the end of the controversy. The courage, enthusiasm, and brains of the women in this movement have won the widest recognition. And the plain average man seeing women, in the passionate advocacy of their cause, face scorn and ridicule, suffer mob violence and the discomforts of prison, bear all things and endure all things if only the cause may prosper, at last consents to listen to what all the hurly-burly is about, and listening is persuaded. (Herein may be seen an explanation of the resistance of ardent politicians to a demand now found generally unobjectionable by men in the street. The latter are not so busy with their own opinions that they cannot find time to listen to the opinions of others, but the party politician is far too strongly given over to his own opinions to take any serious trouble to make out those of others.) And now Lady Grove's book should hasten the conclusion of the dispute, and be accepted by wise men as the last word on the discussion. For there is humour and good sense and good feeling, too, in "The Human Woman," and it is well that the long-drawn-out argument end without bitterness or any sort of ill-will.

With no little skill and literary dexterity Lady Grove handles the well-worn, honestly thread-bare contentions of opponents, and finds even at this late hour something fresh and witty to be said in their dismissal. Of course, those who hold that the "essentially feminine—in other words a parasite or chalice," is a desirable type, though they may enjoy the witticisms and appreciate the style of Lady Grove's essays, will find no balm or comfort for their souls therein. But (to quote Mr. George Meredith again) "you meet now and then men who have the woman in them without being womanised; they are the pick of men, and the choicest women are those who yield not a feather of their womanliness for some amount of manlike strength"—and these men and women will endorse the arguments of our authoress. The ideals of a woman's party, the consideration of objections to the suffrage, the question of war and the woman's vote, the work of women in local government, newspapers for women, and the present legal disabilities of women in England are amongst the topics discussed by Lady Grove, and they are all dealt with temperately, without even any suggestion of that hostility to the merely male which the professed anti-woman attitude of so many men has evoked. The last stand of the anti-suffragists is now being made, and it is still behind what Mr. John Morley called "the faded screen of gallantry" that cover is sought. The fear lest chivalry and courtesy should perish is the plea put forward by those who rank gallantry above political equality, and would still, an they could, keep women from public life. To all such we can only answer with Charles Lamb:

> "I shall believe the principle of gallantry to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.
>
> "I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.
>
> "Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women."

Lamb's immortal essay ought to have stopped the mouthings about gallantry long ago. Courtesy and all those common civilities we are apt, somewhat pompously, to inflate under the title of chivalry will never fail utterly while men and women fall in love and beget and bear children. And nature can be trusted to pursue her way whatever the political and social changes evolved.

Lady Grove's book is a welcome contribution to the discussion of a great question that must soon be answered. As we said before, it may be accepted by all but the rash and foolish as the last word—the last word of a gifted woman.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

* "The Human Woman." By Lady Grove. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

CRITIC AND PLAYWRIGHT.*

The ranks of London journalism can boast few more gifted or versatile men than Mr. W. L. Courtney, the literary editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Fortnightly*

* "Dramas and Diversions." By W. L. Courtney. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Review. Nine books stand to the credit of Mr. Courtney, and their scope and brilliancy alike are remarkable. "The Literary Man's Bible," "The Feminine Note in Fiction," "The Idea of Tragedy," and "The Development of Maurice Maeterlinck" represent the literary and dramatic sides of Mr. Courtney's work, and to these now must be added his volume of plays called "Dramas and Diversions." In another department of scholarship and execution we have his profound and enlightening treatment of "The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill." When we remember that Mr. Courtney has charge of the book reviewing and dramatic criticism of a great daily journal, which devotes to the publishers and the theatres a larger space than is given by any other of our morning papers, contributing to its columns from his own pen some of the most discerning literary and dramatic criticism that appears in the British Press, and at the same time edits a leading monthly review, the wonder grows how he can find time and energy for original work of the calibre contained in "Dramas and Diversions": work that presumably calls for a certain measure of leisureliness as well as of inspiration.

Mr. Courtney's latest book will appeal chiefly to those of our readers who are keenly concerned for the contemporary English drama, but it has an interest also for those who regard that drama with rare exceptions as beneath contempt. Some of these seven plays of Mr. Courtney have been produced on the London stage; none of them, we fear, has in it the materials for a great popular success at the commercial theatres. The reflection is on those theatres and the public taste, rather than upon Mr. Courtney's work. It would be too sweeping a denunciation of the London stage to say that no really good thing can live long upon it: for the plays of Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Bernard Shaw, among others, are worthy of consideration as works of literary-dramatic art as well as passing entertainment. Yet it were easy to argue that the plays that succeed most signally on our stage attract the mass of the public as largely by their bad points as by their good. All the dramatic work of Mr. Courtney (unless we except "The Labyrinth" and "Markheim," neither of which is included in the book under notice) lacks that streak of effective melodrama which Mr. Barrie and Mr. Shaw, in common with Messrs. Jones, Pinero, and Sutro, manage generally to weave in with their superior intellectual wares. Moreover, Mr. Courtney's mind is analytical rather than constructive; and it is doubtful whether, save by accident, he can ever hope to catch the fancy of the crowd, which likes the broad colour scheme, the bold impression, on the stage; which is impatient of the slow and detailed building-up of character by a vast number of tiny touches. In his comedy-drama "On the Side of the Angels," Mr. Courtney came near to an achievement with possibilities of "money in it": and it is rather surprising that one of the more cultured managers has not tried the play in his regular bill. "Bridals of Blood" was actually secured for this purpose by the late Sir Henry Irving and was bequeathed to his sons; it is founded on Fulda's "Die Gluthochzeit," and is a fine stirring piece of drama to read, but would require a more than usually able handling to make a payable season at any of our West End theatres. Mr. Courtney undoubtedly can write poetical stage speech: take, for example, the utterance of his sixteenth-century Cardinal:

> "For look you, how the world
> Is changing from the fashion of its prime,
> The old world dying tardily, the new
> Rising in might from out the womb of Time. . .
> The tree of knowledge is plucked bare of leaves;
> Men eat forbidden fruit, and, eating, die . . .
> And Hell itself, bursting its barriers,
> Roars at the portals of the Lateran."

"Kit Marlowe's Death," with its beautiful little tribute to Shakespeare, is a charming tragi-comediette; and "Gaston Bonnier" is full of fire and strong colour. "Father Time and his Children" is a sort of pantomime or pageant of the year; and "Pericles and Aspasia" is a farce or skit, the characters having Greek names and dress, but being in fact modern Londoners, some of them thinly disguised and very famous persons. This last is an excellent piece of pseudo-classical fooling; and the volume as a whole is full of quaint conceits, happy inventions, and good writing. If Mr. Courtney were a Frenchman or a German, his dramatic works would be esteemed far more highly than they are.

W. F. P.

MR. WELLS'S CONFESSION.*

We mean nothing derogatory to Mr. Wells—very much he reverse, indeed—when we say that since he began to write he has been continuously self-educating himself in the eyes of the public. No better process could have been devised for educating also the public. Once a schoolmaster, always a schoolmaster; but less and less has Mr. Wells's teaching attitude been "'Tis scientifically so, I tell you!" More and more has it changed to "Come, let us learn together!" And he learns in such an attractive fashion that we do learn with him. He has progressed from the inhumanities to the humanities. In some of his earlier work we felt that his critical overweighed his idealistic faculties; that his ideal, if attained, would scarcely be worth having. In this present work we find nothing of the sort. Each of his professedly serious books ("Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," "A Modern Utopia," and "New Worlds for Old") represents a stage in his—and our—education. The last-named book we have heard aptly described as old wine in new bottles. In each he has had the courage to recant portions of its predecessors. And now in "First and Last Things," his "Confession of Faith and Rule of Life," we see the educational process conducted to such a point that his conclusions are essentially in almost complete agreement with those of the uneducated.

But with what a difference! Though the conclusions of the book are age-old, they are newly arrived at. "In my way of thinking," says Mr. Wells, "relentless logic is only another name for a stupidity—for a sort of intellectual pigheadedness." We knew that before, though not in so many words and not metaphysically, even while we aped logic.

> "When I sit upon the bench, a respectable magistrate, and commit some battered reprobate for trial for this lurid offence or that, or send him or her to prison for drunkenness or such-like indecorum, the doubt drifts into my mind which of us is, after all, getting nearest the keen edge of life. Am I and my respectable colleagues much more than successful evasions of *that*? Perhaps these people in the dock know more of the essential strains and stresses of nature, are more intimate with pain. . . ."

Folk held negligible by the cultured knew that too, though again not in so many words and not by sitting on the bench. Mr. Wells's collectivism is simply "All together, boys!" Where the uneducated man—the man not greatly deformed by our lop-sided education—is inarticulate, Mr. Wells is lucidly articulate; where the former acts without knowing why, Mr. Wells shows that he should act so, and why; where he is intuitive only, Mr. Wells is rational as well. Both give back to life the same answer, but Mr. Wells gives reasons for his, and thus the answer is doubly reinforced. He admits that ultimately his own beliefs are arbitrary, that "all the great and important beliefs by which life is guided and determined are less of the nature of fact than of artistic expression." In the end he is mystical. So are we all, if we get to the end. It is Mr. Wells's voyage there, and his discoveries on the way, that are so valuable.

* "First and Last Things." By H. G. Wells. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

We have neglected dealing with the fundamental belief of the book and the rules of conduct based on it, the belief, namely, in "the development of a collective consciousness and will and purpose out of a chaos of individual consciousnesses and wills and purposes." What the whole of a closely reasoned and interesting book is occupied in outlining, cannot be fairly dealt with here. And we have dwelt rather on Mr. Wells's process of self-education. For it is a thing of profound significance.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

MEMORIES.*

Of the making, and incidentally the publishing, of books of reminiscences there is now-a-days no end. Authors, politicians, actors, diplomatists, soldiers, and sailors, alike jot down their recollections for the entertainment of their contemporaries and the instruction of posterity; serving them up with the sauce of such anecdotes of great men and women as they may have heard, or perchance read, or even, sometimes, it is whispered, imagined. Of the ever-increasing mass of these volumes some are amusing, a few interesting, here and there one valuable: for the greater part they have served their purpose when they have whiled away an idle hour or two of subscribers to the circulating libraries; while even of the rest most are merely material for the biographers yet unborn, who will doubtless show their discernment by boiling down a chapter into a paragraph, or extracting from the book a couple of pages.

Perhaps Mr. Comyns Carr had some such feeling as this when, instead of printing on the title-page the word "Reminiscences" that throughout the book is printed at the top of each left-hand page, he gave his volume the more distinctive title of "Some Eminent Victorians." "Some Eminent Victorians," however, is not a book of studies such as might proceed from the pen of the essayist; it is mainly a storehouse of anecdote: yet, though it belongs to a class of work of which we have confessed ourselves somewhat weary, we are constrained to admit it is a favourable specimen of that class. Mr. Comyns Carr has had opportunities which nearly every one will envy him: he has met all the men we would so gladly have known, and he has been intimate with many whose names are household words: painters, barristers, politicians, preachers, actors, caricaturists, musicians, men of letters —which is surprising only until we remember that Mr. Comyns Carr has been barrister, art critic, dramatic critic, theatrical manager, librettist, editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and dramatist. He has met Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Wilde, Stevenson, Henley, Richard Jefferies, and Laurence Oliphant; Lord Herschell, Lord Russell, and Lord Holker; Rossetti, Millais, Leighton, Frederick Walker, and Whistler; Charles Keene, Pellegrini, and Du Maurier; Irving and Toole; Dr. Martineau and Spurgeon; Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli. Burne Jones used to send him sketches, Dr. Birkbeck Hill was his schoolmaster, and among his schoolfellows was William Lewin, better known as William Terriss; he dramatised Hugh Conway's most popular novel; and collaborated with Mr. Pinero to provide a libretto for Sir Arthur Sullivan. Few men have crowded more work and found more pleasant acquaintances in less than three-score years.

There are stories in these three hundred pages for most tastes, and there are two or three that will be appreciated by all readers. One of the latter concerns the famous caricaturist, Carlo Pellegrini. Pellegrini was a member of the Beefsteak Club, where there was another artist who was given to entertaining his fellow-members with impromptu sketches:

> "This innocent display of artistic power gravely offended Pellegrini, who, possibly moved by a measure of jealousy that any one else should encroach upon his special province, insisted with some vehemence that a club was not the place for such exercises.
>
> "'I like the boy,' he said to me one evening, 'and when he talk, I listen, but 'tis pity he draw.'
>
> "It was only a few evenings later that I entered the room, and found the young friend who had been the subject of Pellegrini's rebuke absorbing the entire conversation of a crowded table. Pellegrini was present, and I could see that he was growing restive under the artist's unceasing flow of conversation. In a momentary pause he turned to me and in an audible whisper delivered this laconic judgment:
>
> "'Joe, I 'ave made a big mistake. 'Tis better he draw.'"

Whistler, even after he had been famous, was often in pecuniary straits. During one of these periods Mr. Comyns Carr met a foreign painter who had frequently been a guest at the breakfasts at Whistler's house at Cheyne Walk. He asked him if he had seen anything of Whistler lately. "Ah no, not now so much," came the reply. "He ask me a leetle while ago to breakfarst, and I go. My cab-fare two shilling, 'arf-crown. I arrive, very nice. Gold fish in bowl, very pretty. But breakfarst—one egg, one toast, no more! Ah no! My cab-fare back, two shilling, 'alf-crown. For me no more!"

Space must be found for one more story. When Sir William Harcourt was staying at Hughenden with Disraeli, his host turned to him after dinner one night and said, "Harcourt, I have had two young gentlemen from Oxford staying with me lately, and it seems from what I have learned from them that our judgments in all literary matters are sadly old-fashioned. These young gentlemen assured me that, according to the accepted canons of the present day, the late Lord Byron is to be admired, not so much for his qualities as a poet, as for the beauty of his moral character." This speech was characteristic of the cynical statesman: it is, we read in Mr. Comyns Carr's preface, characteristic also of the latter's attitude to the criticism of the young man of to-day. Here, however, the writer of these reminiscences does not do himself full justice. It is true that he is, as he declares, devoted to the mid-Victorian writers and artists; but nowhere in his book is there the slightest trace of lack of sympathy with later schools, and he who loves Dickens wholeheartedly admires Stevenson and Richard Jefferies, and, an enthusiastic lover of Rossetti and Millais, has abundant praise for the later-day idyls of Mr. Hugh Thomson.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Some Eminent Victorians: Personal Recollections in the World of Art and Letters." By J. Comyns Carr. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS.*

Coincident with the development of collective psychology there has arisen among democratic politicians an uneasy feeling that all is not right with the elective representative system as a means of securing the ends of democracy. It is very reasonable, therefore, that Mr. Wallas, who has made a thorough study of the newer developments in psychology, should apply his theoretic knowledge to practical problems in politics, and illustrate his thesis from his own very wide experience of public life. He notes that in modern study of politics there is a disinclination to treat the subject in relation to the nature of man. He believes, however, that the present tendency to analyse institutions and avoid the analysis of man is a temporary and harmful phase, and that there are already signs that it is coming to an end. Following the analogy of what

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. 5s. (Constable & Co.)

has happened in the development of the theory of education, he believes that students of politics are about to turn again to that study of mankind which is the ancient ally of the moral sciences, and is of the opinion that such a study will not only deepen and widen our knowledge of political institutions, but open an unworked mine of political invention.

The present work aims rather at laying the foundations of this branch of political science than at working the mines of invention, though Part II. is full of suggestions in this direction. Mr. Wallas lays great stress on the dangers attending the common habit people have of believing that all our actions are the result of deliberate reasoning. Our activities, he maintains, are chiefly more or less spontaneous reactions, and the reasons we give for our actions are very frequently supplied at a later stage, after reflection. He tells us, for instance, that "we can speak of instinctive inference as well as of instinctive impulse," but it is not clear that he gains anything by this distinction. If we accept Binet's view that all our interpretations of the ultimate elements of sense impression are rapid, unconscious, logical inferences, we reduce the difference between impulse and inference to something quite unimportant. In his application of the contrast between impulse and deliberate reasoning, Mr. Wallas is particularly happy; and does not really depend upon the somewhat overstrained contrast implied in the sentence quoted. It would be very difficult to find anywhere as good a treatment of the inevitableness, and therefore the extreme practical importance of hypostatisation, as is to be found in the chapter on Political Entities. The treatment of the psychology of advertisement is quite admirable.

In striking contrast to the grey abstractions of the Bentham school, we find this book rich in vivid pictures of real things and people. From beginning to end the reader is made to feel that he is living less in a book-world than in the midst of what Mr. H. G. Wells would call "authentic men." The author does not allow himself, however, to rest content with the mere æsthetic enjoyment of the pictures he presents with such vividness. Dealing with a new science, he has a praiseworthy desire to attain to some sort of objective standard that may enable him to lay a true foundation on which he and his followers may build. In the chapter on "Material of Political Reasoning" he works out the necessity for such a standard, and finds it in the quantitative results of the biometric methods of Karl Pearson and his school. After an extraordinarily interesting analysis of the processes by which the nature and size of a debating hall for an empire are to be determined in terms of quality expressed quantitatively, he concludes: "Any discussion which took place on such lines, even though the curves were mere forms of speech, would be real and practical." At once one feels that there is a danger of such arguments leading to a bloodless coldness worthy of the dismal science. But in seeking the objective standard that quantitative analysis seems to promise, Mr. Wallas does not lose concrete reality to seize an abstraction. He finds fault with the President of Yale, who, he tells us, "seems to imply that in order to reason men must become passionless." In spite of the support the President might get by appealing to Kant, Mr. Wallas refers him to Plato, in whose state exists "a 'harmony' which strengthens the motive force of passion, because the separate passions no longer war among themselves, but are concentrated upon an end discovered by the intellect."

In Part II., which deals with the "Possibilities of Progress," we have a singularly able and suggestive series of chapters of which that on Official Thought is the most striking. Here Mr. Wallas maintains that not the House of Lords, but the permanent officials of the country, form the real protection against sudden and ill-advised legislation.

In the space available here it is impossible to do anything like justice to this remarkable book. It is full of life and colour; the plain man will find it intensely interesting and instructive, and even the most experienced politician will learn much from its pages.

J. A.

ROUSSEAU AS A LOVER.*

Time brings about strange revenges in the estimates in which the great men of history are regarded. The idol of one age becomes the football of another, and posterity, which enjoys more than a valet's privileges of acquainting itself with the correspondence, the love affairs, and the secrets of past celebrities, finds the list of such persons as it can deem heroic steadily dwindling. Take the case of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Here is a man who can be called in a far more intimate sense than Voltaire could be, the father of the French Revolution. It was he who gave the men of the Terror their watch-words and their arguments; they did but put into practice his precepts and his philosophy. Rousseau, then, is responsible for changing the face of modern Europe, for altering the whole tone of its political thought. He can be similarly described as the father of the Romantic movement. Unreadable as the "Nouvelle Héloise" may be to-day, it certainly brought a new note into the language of sentiment, it started a new phase in the history of fiction. And Rousseau was not one of those innovators who have had to be content with visions of posthumous renown; his success was signal and immediate. Diderot and Grimm may have smiled at his manners, but they admitted him at once to the republic of letters. Ladies fêted him, aristocrats made him free of their tables and provided him with houses rent-free, his books sold enormously, despite a certain amount of prosecution and persecution of their author, and at certain times at least whole nations hung on Jean Jacques's words. But to-day Rousseau is having a very bad time. His biographers, and their number has been quite considerable lately, hardly leave him a shred of reputation. Not merely is his philosophy shown to be based on a series of gratuitous assumptions, of downright fallacies; but his claim to be considered as a lover at all—nay, even as an analyst of his own emotions, a chronicler of his own amours—is roughly disputed. His "Confessions" themselves—that appallingly shameless and morbid record—have already taught us that he had the soul of a lackey, that he was a victim of neurasthenia who indulged in all sorts of unhealthy day-dreams, that on several critical occasions he played the rogue and the coward, that he was content to place himself in the most humiliating dependence on women to save himself the fatigue of working for a livelihood. But always there had remained to save and sweeten his fame the idyll of Les Charmettes. At any rate, we had said, that pretty episode remains, and on the strength of that Rousseau may be counted as one of the world's great lovers. Pilgrims have travelled to Les Charmettes from generation to generation to pay homage as at a shrine, and even so sedate a man of letters as Lord Morley has been moved to enthusiastic tenderness in his picture of this house of "sorrow-stricken memories." And now, it seems, even this must go. Dates and facts convict Jean Jacques of the culminating falsehood. So Mr. Francis Gribble assures us, and under the circumstances it almost looks as if the title he had chosen for his new biography, "Rousseau and the Women he Loved," had been adopted in a mood of bitter sarcasm.

Who were the women whom Rousseau loved, or thought he loved? It is worth while just to run through their names. First there was Madame de Warens, the lady who pitied the helpless vagabond lad, and gave him shelter at various times for long periods. Her reward, of course was the basest ingratitude. She it was who, to protect his

* "Rousseau and the Women he Loved." By Francis Gribble. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

innocence, initiated Jean Jacques into the mysteries of love and let him share her favours along with her steward, Claude Anet, and we have Rousseau's own account of the contentment with which he thus acted Alfred de Musset to Anet's Pagello, and of what a happy and united family this ménage made. So far Jean Jacques's story seems accurate, though his love relations with Madame de Warens appear to have been of short duration. But the whole chronicle of his idyll with "Mamma" at Les Charmettes must now be considered as fiction. It was a fresh rival who was the Adam of that Eden, and Rousseau lingered there, a guest who had long outstayed his welcome. Other loves? Well, there were two girls whom the boy Rousseau saw only for a day, and their smiles he thought far more delightful than more substantial tokens of affection. There was the ugly mattress-maker who refused to act as a go-between. There was the servant-girl who could not tempt Jean Jacques. There was the grocer's wife whose resounding kisses he dodged down by-streets to escape. There was another tradesman's wife whose kindness he misconstrued. There were courtesans, among them La Padoana, who bade him "leave the ladies alone and study mathematics instead." All these were met early in his life, but he wanted "real ladies." They came later on, but Rousseau's experiences were hardly of the sort of which to boast. There was Madame Dapin, to whose husband he wrote a grovelling note, acknowledging her "visible disgust for me." There was Madame d'Epinay, who had to turn this denouncer of aristocrats almost out of doors before he would quit the "hermitage" she had lent him for a while. Finally, there was the Comtesse d'Houdetôt, whom, though the avowed and loving mistress of Saint-Lambert, he tried desperately to seduce from her allegiance. A time came when even her good nature grew tired of Jean Jacques's alternations of over-familiarity and servile obsequiousness. The ex-valet's one genuine conquest was a peasant woman, the mother of his discarded children, Thérèse le Vasseur, who as half-mistress, half-nurse, stayed with him till death, and even she betrayed him for the attractions of a groom.

This is not a brilliant record, and not all Mr. Gribble's pretty gift of irony and vivacity of style can prevent the tale of such a set of amours from proving hopelessly sordid. Rousseau seems to have felt this himself. No wonder, then, the author of that famous love-story, the "Nouvelle Héloise," the dictator of the laws of sentiment, whose dream, as Mr. Gribble rightly remarks, had been not of fame (which he got), but of romance (which was denied him by his temperament), eagerly sought some episode of his life on which he could linger with pride. So, thinks Mr. Gribble, was fabricated the legend of Les Charmettes To quote his happy description:

> "Both George Sand and Madame de Staël could look back upon a golden age, of however brief duration, in which love had indeed yielded all that could be asked from it. Jean Jacques could not. . . . It was not merely that he had tired of the women or that they had tired of him. It was rather that he had never succeeded in lifting intrigue to the level of romance. . . . Reviewing his life and his various adventures, sentimental and other—contrasting his experiences, it may be, with those of other men—he understood, when too late, what he had missed, and felt the need of some memory on which his mind could dwell with loving and luxurious regret. He would be satisfied to be miserable in the present if only he could remember that he had been ideally happy in the past; and there was only one way of achieving this—by calling imagination to the aid of memory. . . . The idyll of Les Charmettes is the result."

Here, then, let us leave him, though Mr. Gribble's book, which is a true biography notwithstanding its title, covers ably enough other sides of Rousseau's career than that suggested by the title. Primarily, however, it is as an amorist that Mr. Gribble has treated him, and in that capacity, as will be gathered, he makes Jean Jacques cut a very sorry figure.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE SPY.*

Gorky's book is the story of the making and unmaking of a Russian spy that ends about the time of the "revolution" and the abortive Constitution. Yevsey Klimkov was a country boy who was called "Old Man" from the time he became an orphan at the age of seven. "The name suited him very well. He was too small for his age, his movements were sluggish, and his voice thin. . . . He held himself aloof, and lived alone." Singing in the church choir he let his voice blend with the rest, and "hid himself deliciously somewhere, as if overcome by a sweet sleep. In this drowsy state it seemed to him he was drifting away from life, approaching another gentle, peaceful existence." These subtle comparisons are very characteristic of Gorky; the inner life which they help to describe is drawn with remarkable fineness and fulness. The boy was one of those unattractive, sensitive cowards who are abused by nearly every one and without great resentment, for it is part of their nature to admire unduly the energy of their bullies. Having at length to go to work in a town, he is put with a bookseller to look after the shop. The bookseller keeps a few advanced books, lures people into buying them and then secures their imprisonment as suspicious persons. At first the boy is timidly resentful and actually warns one customer. He connives with the old man's mistress at his murder by suffocation. But he and the mistress are taken on by the successor, and gradually, without wishing it, but showing himself a tell-tale and a docile muddle-headed youth, he gets into the "Department of Safety" as a common spy. The life of the spies is drawn by means of conversation, descriptions of faces, habits, moods, and drawn vividly, horribly, but without malice. They are mostly of Yevsey's type, mean, mopish, sodden, without invention or purpose, dominated by a sick, rancorous, yellow-headed man who "stamped his feet, extended his trembling arms and tore the air with his yellow fingers, while his face turned leaden, his red eyes grew strangely dim, and the spittle spurted from his mouth." Yevsey "clearly realised that the spies did not understand the aim of their work, did not believe that it was needful for life, and did not think or reason when, instinctively, according to their habit, they went about half-sick, half-drunk, driven by different fears." Far different were the working people on whom they spied. They were uplifted by new hopes, by a new intensity of comradeship. Yevsey admired their bearing, their voices, their courage, their cheerfulness, and he came near to making real friends of them before some accident drove him to remember his duty and he betrayed them and meanly drank away his reward. "If only somebody liked me," he used to reflect. He envied every one. The spies were all envious of "revelries, of big stakes, and costly women." Yevsey turned over in his slow, inexpressive, but sensitive and original mind and nerves the explanation he had heard of the Constitution: "A different order of life—different." He longed for it even though they used to say that foreigners, the Japanese for example, were financing the revolution. He warned an intended victim and was called "vermin" for his pains. Then it was pleasant to complain. "It filled his heart with drunken sweetness. It set him in a martyr-like attitude towards people, and made him more significant." He was unreal, superfluous. He dared not escape from his way of life. The "poison of many insults" increased at once his self-importance and his consciousness of the world's contempt. When at last the people were rejoicing over the Constitution he grew elated and saw a dim future of better things for himself, keeping a shop it might be. But no. The counter-revolution came. He tried to make up his mind to murder the chief spy. He tugged at the trigger of his revolver in a vain attempt to shoot another, and then dashed away, failed to hang himself, laid his head on the railway line, but got up from the approaching train—

* "The Spy." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Duckworth.)

fortunately, too late. As a tract for the times "The Spy" is admirable, vivid, and generous too. But it is still better as a piece of psychology. Towards the end of the book Yevsey is represented as telling the story of his life to a famous author on the side of the revolution, and really the story is often so subtle, *e.g.* in its depiction of states of mind, that it might well be an autobiography.

EDWARD THOMAS.

SUSANNA AND CATHERINE WINKWORTH.*

The name of Susanna Winkworth is known to bookmen as that of a capable translator of Bunsen and of Tauler, and that of her sister is still more widely famous as the author of the "Lyra Germanica," a work which enriched our nation with many of the best of the spiritual songs of the German people. There is still room for improvement in English hymnology, but to Catherine Winkworth we owe the introduction of a fresh and beautiful stream of influence. After the death of Catherine the elder sister began to write a biography, but did not complete it, and what she wrote, although printed, was not published. It now appears with additional letters and a continuation by their niece, Margaret Josephine Shaen, and is especially valuable for its portrayal of some of the leaders in the liberalisation of religious thought that went on in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a serious and satisfactory contribution to our knowledge of that period.

The Winkworths were of good Evangelical stock, but when the family came to Manchester and its neighbourhood they seem to have fallen quite naturally into a membership of highly cultivated and philanthropic group of Unitarians of that city. By the Rev. William Gaskell they were guided into German literature, and it is to the translations in verse which he demanded from his pupils that we finally owe the "Lyra Germanica." Catherine Winkworth admired his version of "Ein Feste Burg" so greatly that in the second edition she substituted it for her own. He was a man of the widest culture and nobility of spirit who exercised a benign influence on many lives. The charming glimpses we have of Mrs. Gaskell, whilst they do not alter what is known—what little is known—of the details of her life, add some vivid touches to the portrait of a woman distinguished equally for genius and goodness. The sisters' circle widened until it included very different elements. Hence in these pages we hear Arndt roundly denouncing England, and Mazzini preaching Italian unity, we see Mary Carpenter quietly going forward with her good work, whilst Carlyle is denouncing all philanthropists for "spending their lives trying to whitewash what God Almighty had made black and meant to be black." One of these diatribes was at a dinner-table where Froude was also present. Miss Elliot, one of the philanthropists, very smartly retorted: "Pretty well to talk about making black white when we are sitting between the whitewashers of Henry VIII. and Frederick II., compared to whom our ragged children are white already!" Other names that occur are those of Francis William Newman, he whom George Eliot styled the "St. Francis of rationalism," of Jenny Lind, of whom there are delightful sketches, of Frances Power Cobbe before the anti-vivisection crusade had filled her life with the sadness of an all-absorbing and yet unavailing protest, of Princess Alice, and of Florence Nightingale. Of Nasmyth, the astronomer and inventor of the steam hammer, we are told that he was "not always sure of his h's," although the omission of the aspirate is usually regarded as the one thing a Scot cannot do. Dr. Martineau also figures largely as one of the great influences in the lives of the two sisters. And what will interest many to whom theological speculation is as "caviare to the general" is a conversation between Catherine Winkworth and Charlotte Brontë on the subject of her approaching marriage to Arthur Bell Nicholls.

There are one or two mistakes that should be corrected in a second edition. The "College" mentioned on p. 61 was *not* the Unitarian Home Missionary Board, which was not in existence in 1850, but Manchester New College, of which the Rev. William Gaskell was a Professor. The allusion at p. 36 is to the Lancashire Public Schools Association, which advocated Cobden's plan of education popularly controlled and free from sectarianism.

The main interests in the life of the two sisters were theological and ethical, and they both belonged to the Broad Church, of which Stanley, Kingsley, and still more F. D. Maurice were the representatives, and there are many letters dealing with religious doubts and difficulties. One was for a time at least a member of a Unitarian Church, and both had a sweet charitableness that longed for comprehension. A weaver whose acquaintance Catherine made in the course of her district visiting said: "Well, I have always wondered what ladies was made for; I thought them such useless beings; but at least now I've found that they're the best of good company. Why, you could not find a single thing in the paper that she did not know all about it. I'd liefer hear her talk even than go to the public-house!" Which saying is an allegory as well as a statement of fact.

The apparent, it may be only apparent, casualness of life is illustrated in the career of these two sisters. If they had kept to the Anglican circle to which by inheritance they belonged, they would not have known William Gaskell and his wife. If they had not known them, they would not have come into contact with Bunsen; if they had not met Bunsen, the "Lyra Germanica" would not have been written.

> "So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

Let us be thankful therefor.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* "Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth." Edited by their niece, Margaret J. Shaen. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

PEN-PORTRAITS.*

Here, in these pages, Mr. Gardiner has "gathered men and women," not

> "Live or dead, or fashioned by my fancy,"

as Browning's were, but chosen from among the living only, and chosen "not always because of their official or public prominence, but sometimes because they represent a phase of life, an aspect of contemporary history, or a personal influence of some significance." His first character-study is of the King, his fortieth, and last, is of Mr. Chesterton; and the other thirty-eight include such interesting and diverse personalities as Florence Nightingale and Mrs. Pankhurst, the Premier, the Primate, Keir Hardie, the Kaiser, General Booth, Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, John Burns, Thomas Hardy, Dr. Clifford, Kipling, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. It is a series of striking and brilliant lightning-sketches, frank, vivid, revealing, dashed off with apparent ease and lightness of touch, yet with such a fulness of knowledge that every stroke tells. There are no caricatures, but there is some very vigorous drawing, and Mr. Gardiner does not give haloes to all his heroes. Here is a glimpse of his presentment of Kipling:

> "Mr. Kipling sees life by flashes of lightning, and sets it down in phrases that strike like lightning. It is a world filled with sudden and sinister shapes—not men, but the baleful caricatures of men; not women, but Mænad sisters, with wild and bloodshot eyes and fearful dishevelled locks; with boys that drink and smoke and swear like dragoons; animals that talk, and

* "Prophets, Priests and Kings." By A. G. Gardiner. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

machinery that reasons like a Yellow journalist. . . . Mr. Kipling is a precocious boy with a camera. He has the gift of vision, but not the gift of thought. He sees the detail with astonishing truth, but he cannot co-ordinate the parts. He gives the impression of encyclopædic knowledge, for everything he sees is photographed on the retina, and everything he hears is written down in his brain. . . . He is like the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' fused with imagination at white heat. And as the 'Encyclopædia' is to literature, so is he to life. He knows everything except human nature. He knows all about life; but he does not know life, because he does not know the heart of man."

Bernard Shaw Mr. Gardiner describes as "the Swift of his time. . . . He is pure intellect without illusion and without emotions. His art is the art of ideas and not of sentiment. . . . He is the tonic of his time, very bitter to the taste, but stimulating. He clears the mind of cant. He clears the atmosphere of fog. He is admirable in small doses; but as a sustained diet—he is inferior to Shakespeare."

And in dealing with Chesterton he draws comparisons between him and Shaw:

"Mr. Chesterton's natural foil in these days is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw is the type of revolt. The flesh we eat, the wine we drink, the clothes we wear, the laws we obey, the religion we affect—all are an abomination to him. . . . Mr. Chesterton has none of this impatience with the external garment of society. He enjoys disorder and loves the haphazard. With Rossetti he might say, 'What is it to me whether the earth goes round the sun, or the sun round the earth?' It is not the human intellect that interests him, but the human heart and the great comedy of life. He opposes ancient sympathies to modern antipathies. It follows that Mr. Shaw's weapon is wit, sharp-edged as the east wind, and that Mr. Chesterton's weapon is humour that buffets you like a gale from the west."

The sketch of Meredith is a finely sympathetic piece of work, and of Hardy Mr. Gardiner says:

"He is the antithesis of Meredith, whose voice is of the morning and whose vision is of the day. . . . He is the Millet of literature, sounding the same note of the sorrow of the earth, working in the same elemental media. . . . But, if he is the Millet of literature, he is Millet without the 'Angelus.' His peasants are bowed to the brown earth in the mystic light, but no far-off bell tolls a message through the quiet air."

The style throughout is terse, picturesque, epigrammatic; Mr. Gardiner writes without bitterness, but he does not suppress the truth about his subjects when it happens to be unflattering—his words have teeth in them on occasion, and some of his epigrams bite uncommonly hard.

Novel Notes.

THE BOND. By Neith Boyce. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Here we have the problem novel again, though we must admit that "The Bond" is written in a vein of reticence and with a certain delicate restraint of touch that call for praise. Basil, an artist, has married Teresa, another artist. They both have temperaments, and both annoy each other very much at times, yet each realises that without the other life would not be worth living. The affectionate passages between these two young things are related with a graphic, if surprising, realism. Seizing hold of his wife at the conclusion of one of Teresa's little exhibitions of temper, Basil bites her. "He was always so rough." Basil is painting the portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Isabel Perry. Mrs. Perry wants to flirt with Basil, who, being very much in love with his wife, is left cold. Teresa grows jealous, and her jealousy goes on piling itself up, till it boils over, and she runs away from Basil to Switzerland, ostensibly to take a holiday. A flirtation with Crayven, a silent Englishman, nearly becomes serious, but not quite. Recognising the vulgarity of faithlessness as she sees it exhibited in the family of her host and hostess, Teresa decides that she wants Basil again, and goes to him. The story ends somewhat unsatisfactorily with a reconciliation, but the author has described so many of them that we have not much faith in the lasting nature of this one. One's sympathy throughout is rather with Basil than with his wife.

THE BOMB. By Frank Harris. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Frank Harris, one time editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is a man of exceptional talent with a rare gift for the short story. With "The Bomb" we have his first long novel, and it is a strong and living piece of work. It is an historical novel; but Mr. Frank Harris does not take us back to the middle ages. There is no "By my halidome!" or "Grammercy" nonsense in "The Bomb." An incident in the social war of modern times, the labour troubles in Chicago in 1886, which culminated in bomb throwing and the subsequent trial and execution of the Chicago Anarchists, is the subject of the book; and already the events recorded are an old story, unknown or unremembered for the most part by the men and women of to-day. Mr. Harris brings it all back before us: the misery of the working people, in especial the foreigners, in Chicago, the strikes and Socialist agitation, the brutal methods of repression adopted by the authorities, the determination of two men to retaliate with violence, the explosion, and finally the trial and judicial murder of men quite innocent of bomb throwing. It is a chapter in the history of working-class life in America at the close of the nineteenth century, this account of the Chicago Anarchists, and it is finely wrought. Though written in the first person from the standpoint of the man who threw the bomb, there is a striking fidelity in the narrative to the actual occurrences. No less brilliant than the descriptions of the social agitation is the love-making of Elsie and Rudolph in "The Bomb." But the whole book is far above the heights of average contemporary fiction.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Frank Harris.**
Editor of *Vanity Fair*.

LEWIS RAND. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

"I have come to be sorry for almost all my life," says Lewis Rand, near the close. "I was a leader in a party in whose principles I believed and still believe, and I betrayed my party. To-night I think I could give my life for one imperilled field, for one green acre of this land—and yet I was willing to bring upon it strife and dissension. Ingrate and traitor—hard words and true, hard words and true! I might have had a friend—and always I knew he was the man I would have wished to be—but instead, I thought of him as my foe and I killed him. I have brought trouble on many, and good to very few. I have wronged you in very much. But I never wronged you in my love—never, never, Jacqueline! That is my mountain peak—that is my cleansing sea—that is that in my life which needs no repenting, that is true, that is right!" The story is of Virginia, in the years when Jefferson was President of America. From a poor boy, son of a tobacco roller, whose father keeps him working in the fields and will not allow him to buy books or acquire any education, Lewis Rand, helped and befriended by Jefferson, an old friend of his father, rises in the world, enters the political arena, becomes one of Jefferson's strongest supporters, but, insatiably ambitious, turns traitor, secretly sides with Aaron Burr in his scheme for setting up a republic in Texas, and yet in his own mind purposes to betray Burr also and establish an empire with himself as emperor. He is a man of supreme abilities, and of a certain innate nobleness. So long as he runs straight he passes from success to success irresistibly; but once he starts to intrigue in traitorous ways, all things go wrong with him; his hopes crumble in his hands, and his path leads him only into a desert. When he realises how far wrong he has gone, he turns courageously to make atonement, and the woman who loves him honours him too much to dream of dissuading him from paying the price of his sins. It is a great theme greatly handled; a book that is at once an absorbingly interesting romance and a fine piece of literature.

JOAN OF GARIOCH. By Albert Kinross. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This very well written story is mainly concerned with the adventures of an English special correspondent in Russia at the time of the revolutionary outbreak in 1906. That the said correspondent is a retired British officer who has been deprived of the lady to whom he was engaged by the machinations of a mysterious and wealthy foreigner gives zest and a romantic turn to the book. But the romance is quite the least important part, and of Joan herself we really know nothing, save that she was faithful to her early love and left the affections of the villainous "Jarnac" (who richly deserved the fate that overtook him) unrequited. It is in the account he gives of the events in Russia that our author is at his best. Going out to Riga, free of any attachment to the cause of the revolutionaries, and without any particular aspirations after freedom, Jim (we are left in the dark as to the hero's surname) describes the situation in the Baltic provinces as it appears to the decent fair-minded Englishman. There is no straining after effect, no attempt to pile up horrors, no desire to harrow the feelings by too much realism. The picture left in our mind includes the wonderful vigilance of the revolutionary leaders, the fierce revolt of a peasantry emerging from centuries of bondage, and the suppression by massacre of the revolution.

Photo by Ward Muir. **Mr. Albert Kinross.**

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Morley Roberts.**

DAVID BRAN. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Roberts inscribes this story "To my friend E. N., who has always done his best to make me do mine." In his latest novel Mr. Roberts has certainly come up to the highest expectations of his friends. "David Bran" is a singularly frank and vivid study. Its interest is bound up with four Cornish people, three women and one man. David Bran's relation to Lou, the dark girl of the tale, are not exactly those suggested by Browning's "Fifine at the Fair," but the plot is the same. Can a man of rich, complex nature love two women at the same time, one of them his wife, the other a woman who appeals to the romantic rather than the domestic side of his personality? Crudely stated, this seems a bit of empty casuistry. But Mr. Roberts has succeeded in vitali ing it. Bran's mother reminds one of the sad mother in "The Return of the Native," though her fate is happier. The entire setting and conceptions of the story are exceptionally fresh—fresh even to the point of audacity. It is a book to read, and to enjoy for its style as well as its story, though some of its teachings are certainly open to question.

BY FAITH ALONE. By René Bazin. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The fine story which has been translated in these pages is another evidence of the new spirit in French fiction, which is displacing the naturalistic realism by an equally realistic but more sympathetic and religious treatment of modern

life. There are two heroes in this woodland idyll; one is Gilbert Cloquet, a labourer upon the estate, the other is Michel, the heir and agent. The latter finally succumbs to disease after an unhappy life. The former, sorely tried by a spendthrift daughter and by unsympathetic comrades in his trade-union, wins his way through poverty and sensualism and a vulgar atheism to self-respect. The author has set these figures in idyllic surroundings. We have had few more exquisite descriptions of forest scenery lately than may be found in these pages. But the more sordid facts of French peasant-life are not ignored, and M. Bazin has depicted, evidently at first hand, the suspicious attitude of the labourers to the aristocracy, the blatant unbelief, and the petty circle of interests which render a good life so hard for men of Cloquet's temper. There is less humour in the book than even in Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders," which is the nearest parallel to it in our fiction. But the French author, for all his pathos, leaves a better taste in the mouth of his readers, and in artistic effect he is not inferior to his English contemporary. We welcome the book as a masterpiece of its class, alike in style and in conception.

WHITHER THOU GOEST. By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Ruth, I'll say the hateful thing, too. At the first, I did think of your money before yourself, and you could not despise me more than I despise myself. But it wasn't long before my punishment began—till I loved you more than anything in the world." In this confession of Dick Balmain's you have the germ of "Whither thou Goest." Dick, left to support his mother and three sisters, finds that his father's business is on the verge of bankruptcy; whilst he is striving his utmost to save it, he meets with Ruth, and hearing that she has inherited a fortune, sets himself to win her for the sake of her money; he sees no other way of clearing himself of his father's debts, and making things right for his mother. After he is engaged, he loses sight of his mercenary project, and comes to love Ruth, wholly and passionately for herself; but a malicious whisperer betrays him, and when Ruth taxes him with his meanness he cannot deny it, and her faith in him is so shaken that she cannot believe it is no longer her wealth, but herself alone that he cares for. She breaks off the engagement, and he goes from her; then she repents, and helps him in secret, and when he meets her again, at last, his projects have failed, he is poorer than ever, and has discovered that she has been his unknown benefactor, and that, for a new barrier between them, he is deeply in her debt. It is a chequered and charming love story, unfolded with an easy, cunning narrative skill, and shadowed and brightened with the pathos and quaint humour that are characteristic of all Mr. Bell's work.

THE TRAMPING METHODIST. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (G. Bell.)

The title of this book and the quotation from Stevenson on the title-page are both a little misleading. They suggest something far more formless than actually follows. At first one thinks one is in for a rambling story of the "Lavengro" order, and indeed there is all through quite a Borrovian tang of the open road. One is tempted to think that Miss Kaye-Smith has used pigments too uniformly lurid in portraying the clergy of the Established Church, but she gives a most interesting and convincing picture of the ways of Methodism in the years immediately following Wesley's death, the Methodism, that is to say, not of the Salems and Little Bethels, but of the wayside. The earlier pages of the book are chiefly occupied with these matters. A plot, however, soon makes its appearance, a plot in the literal, old-fashioned sense, woven of the threads of a few lives constantly recrossed, with love and death playing their parts in the tangling and the clearing. There is plenty of coincidence, but not too much for a story so frankly dramatic. Without coincidence a tale of which movement is the principal feature is likely to become chaotic, and a certain symmetry of happenings is an essential. Nor is this a conventional or merely stagey story. More blood is spilt, more crime committed, there are more undercurrents and dark secrets than, perhaps, generally disturb the history of smiling Sussex and Kentish villages, but it is all quite alive and human. The character-drawing is excellent. The villains are black and the heroes white, but the blood runs red in their veins for all that. They live and die (the latter perhaps a thought too frequently) and one is interested in their destinies. They love, and few have done it more sweetly since Richard Feverel loved Lucy.

COLONEL STOW. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Bailey has already won for himself a reputation as a writer of the romantic sort, and his latest book will in no way detract from it. He knows how the thing should be done. He has made himself a manner out of Mr. Hewlett's style, and it is a good manner: terse, sometimes a little jerky, but full of life and movement. This time he has chosen the Civil War for his period. It is no new theme, but the touch is fresh. There is plenty of fighting, and it is of a vigorous, spirited sort. The battle-pieces—Newbury and Naseby—are finely done, and there are some delightful, impossible "one-man" episodes, of which the great Dumas himself might have been proud. With fighting, love-making is, of course, the main thing, and if one is vigorous the other is no less so. Time and again is Mistress Lucinda Weston crushed against a bosom (not always the same bosom) until she is hurt. She is a woman of flame. Then there is Joan, the puritan maiden, and Colonel Stow, the "soldier of dreams," and Colonel Royston, the cynical soldier of fortune with heroic moments. Real personages also, Cromwell and Charles, the generals of both parties, cross and recross the stage, but we are not subjected to too much historical information. Mr. Bailey has none of the romantic illusions. He knows that a puritan can be grotesque and a cavalier gaudy as well as he knows that both can be brave. His sense of humour, which never fails him, keeps him from the posturings of the earnest romancer.

The Bookman's Table.

PICCADILLY TO PALL MALL. By Ralph Nevill and Charles Edward Jerningham. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The title of this volume, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," suggests a volume of the type of Mr. G. S. Street's "Ghosts of Piccadilly," and, indeed, in parts it bears some resemblance to that book, in so far as it deals with many of the same figures. Mr. Street deliberately limited his scope: Mr. Nevill and Mr. Jerningham wander from subject to subject, from society eccentric to financial magnate, at their own sweet will. The main theme of the book is the change in manners and habits of the upper classes since the earlier decades of the last century, and in many ways it forms a complement to the delightful memoirs of Lady Dorothy Nevill, which, by the way, were edited by one of the authors. Mr. Nevill and Mr. Jerningham treat their subject lightly, and illustrate it with innumerable anecdotes, many of which are new to the present writer. One is so good that it must be repeated. Sir Robert Peel, son of the Prime Minister, was threatened by some policemen with arrest for some exuberant prank. His retort, "My father didn't create you to arrest me," so staggered the representatives of the force (then in its infancy) that they let him go. We read of the growth of the restaurant habit, of the clubs of bygone times and of to-day, of art collections, and public statues and buildings, of the growth

of speculation, and of such different persons as Sam Lewis, Colonel North, the Jubilee Juggins, Max Lebaudy, Abingdon Baird, Lord Ailesbury, Sir Edgar Boehm, the late Duke of Devonshire, the Rothschilds, and Queen Victoria. In a book that is designed for light reading it is rather a surprise to come across a section, for which we are told Mr. Nevill is alone responsible, treating in quite a serious vein of the morality of the metropolis. The views Mr. Nevill holds on this matter are those of common-sense, and have often been advocated, though, as he is the first to admit, they are bitterly opposed by the advocates of morality by Act of Parliament. In conclusion, it may be said that "Piccadilly to Pall Mall" is interesting from beginning to end, and it will be especially welcome to the students who endeavour to trace the evolution of society from the day when the aristocrat reigned supreme to to-day, when the plutocrat rules the roost and calls the tune. The two photographs, of St. James's Palace and of the Empire Music Hall by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, are so excellent as to deserve special mention.

LILIES OF ETERNAL PEACE. By Lilian Whiting. 1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

This is a satisfying and beautiful little book. While expressing deep and tender sympathy with all who suffer grief and loss, it uplifts the soul into nobler companionship with those who have passed "beyond the veil," and, without a word of controversy or of bitterness, embodies what is the real answer to that group of thinkers who are fain to prolong the physical life by means of the spiritual and look forward to its endless continuance on earth as a triumphant consummation. For "the process of change which we call death is not an evil. Nothing disastrous has occurred to the friend who has gone from the physical into the ethereal realm." . . . "There can be no question but that the spiritual man has powers that are far beyond our present knowledge. . . . The 'other world' is not, as Kant has declared, 'another place, but another view.'" . . . "When the religion of spirituality shall truly interpret to us this change, humanity will come to recognise death as a sacred festival, rather than as an occasion of mourning and gloom." The meaning of the tiny volume has been so perfectly phrased by the author that it seems idle to sum it up in any other way than by a series of quotations. "As a matter of fact," says Miss Whiting, it "is the one business of man on earth to co-operate with the divine power. . . . Every avenue through which the forces that make for nobler living may extend themselves is an avenue through which man may co-operate with God. Realising this, how can any hours be poor or desolate? . . . The lilies of eternal peace are not, then, to be gathered in the gardens of pleasure or of meaningless dallying; they grow on the highway of noble effort and lofty achievement."

SOME POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. With Drawings by James Guthrie. 30s. (Pear Tree Press.)

Although Mr. Guthrie, in a pamphlet on the "Aims and Intentions of his Press," utters a warning against the exaggerated importance books derive from extraneous circumstances, he does not, happily, disdain to resort to similar methods in drawing attention to his own productions. His paper, his type, and his ink are beyond reproach, and these specimens of his black-and-white hand-printing should satisfy the most exacting bibliophile. From the somewhat preraphaelite frontispiece to the final conventional tailpiece each specimen of the wood-engraver's art, although of unequal value, is representative of honest work and of legitimate endeavour to elevate the craft. Mr. Guthrie fully comprehends that if wood-engraving fail as a craft, it must also disappear as an art, but he does not seem to have quite settled in his mind what standard the art should attain to. Several of these illustrations, although Poesque in spirit, are not depictive of the poems they nominally illustrate. They in no way represent what Poe wrote. "The Lake," for example, shows nothing suggestive of "black rocks" and "tall pines," or the other verbal accessories of the poem, and the picture of "The Haunted Palace" presents nothing to show its association with the verses bearing that title. Much is imported into these presentments which Poe never suggested, but there can be no question as to their originality and quaintness—that necessary adjunct of beauty. The atmospheric effect of several of them is fine; they are generally replete with good brain-work and are the result of skilful technique. The picture of "Eulalie" is less effective, being more conventional in type than the majority of the illustrations. The biographical introduction to the "Poems" is mainly compiled from Mr. Ingram's "Life of Poe," but no reference is made to the fact by its writer.

THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD. By Anatole France. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. 6s. (John Lane.)

It would be a nice point for the devout Anatolian to decide which of the thirty or more of M. France's books is the most characteristic of his genius, but there can be no question that "Sylvestre Bonnard" appeals most surely to the general reader. It lacks the brilliant wit and audacious dialogue of "Le Lys Rouge" and the keen satire of "Monsieur Bergeret." But it is the gentlest and most kindly of M. France's books, and presents the most charming and entirely lovable character in all the long gallery of his creations. In the strictly chronological sense "Sylvestre Bonnard" is an early work, the earliest of all except "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre." But although it first appeared twenty-seven years ago, it is in no sense a youthful effort. M. France served a long apprenticeship before he allowed himself to settle down to serious creative work, and he was already in his thirty-seventh year when "Sylvestre Bonnard" was published. Since its first publication the book has been largely revised and corrected, and no doubt any one reading the latest French edition is tempted to underestimate the extent of the development of M. France's genius. The style is finished and the outlook on life matured and equable. The first edition is now so rare that only the plutocratic book collector can hope for the privilege of ascertaining how far the book as we now know it has been re-written since it first delighted a limited but discerning public. But Lafcadio Hearn's translation, which Mr. Lane has wisely reissued, was made long enough ago to suggest that the alterations were mainly alterations of detail. It is a pity that Hearn's introduction should have been printed without comment or even a date to show when it was written. Of the story itself there is nothing new to be said. The dear old scholar with his inimitable housekeeper, sitting entrenched in his "city of books," and talking with such delightful and childlike wisdom to Hamilcar, the worthy predecessor of the immortal Riquet, is the most irresistibly charming of all M. France's creations. If there were only a literary Pope to sanction the canonising of characters in fiction, Sylvestre Bonnard would become the patron saint of book lovers, and his story would be among the most precious of the lives of literary saints. The later books of M. France are more audacious, they have more force and "bite," but there are none to which one returns so often or with so much pleasure, none are so good to live with, as "Sylvestre Bonnard."

LONDON VISIONS. By Laurence Binyon. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Laurence Binyon has brought together in this book the contents of those two little volumes that he published under the same title, the one ten, the other thirteen years ago, and to these he has added a fitting selection from two other of his earlier volumes, and several unpublished poems more recently written. Every poet who has walked its streets has been susceptible to the charm of London, has

found more or less of inspiration in it, and has striven to give voice to the burden and mystery of the lives that are lived in it, to the awful splendour of its dawns and sunsets, the noise and hurry of its days, the beauty and horror of its nights. Mr. Binyon has woven something of all this into these haunting and exquisite lyrics. He has not the imaginative fire and grim forcefulness of Henley, nor (except perhaps in the fine ballad of "John Winter") the pathos and homely narrative power of Buchanan, but he has a delicacy of thought and fancy, a quickness of insight, a grace and picturesque vividness of expression in which neither of them surpasses him. "Red Night" compresses into four small pages a wonderfully realistic vision of the soul of London, "her desolations and her majesties," but as Mr. Binyon suggests in his preface, the contents are so arranged that they round into a single corporate poem. In that opening lyric you see all London unrolling, lurid, swarming, inchoate, as in some cloudy, bewildering nightmare; in the poems that follow, single figures have detached themselves from the immense crowd, single pictures and impressions have detached themselves clearly from the misty, dazzling panorama, and at the end you find that each one of these figures, pictures, impressions has had its due effect in building up for you a full and unforgettable microcosm of London. It is too late in the day to say that Mr. Binyon is a true poet; we knew it when we first read his "London Visions" years ago; we were more sure of it still when he published "The Death of Adam"; but it is not too late to assure any who are unacquainted with this little book that they are ignorant of some of the loveliest and most significant work in modern poetry.

Notes on New Books.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Miss Annie Matheson has compiled a widely appealing little "book of devotion," **Sayings from the Saints** (2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net), and these "sayings" have been restricted to the words of the saints within the canon. Beautiful counsel is here, and the pages hold many fragrant phrases; sometimes a long quotation of more than a page will hold a thought and dilate upon it with a fine insight and faith; sometimes a dozen words alone will present a dazzling truth. If we may criticise so holy a group, we venture to question the interest of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. This saint, no doubt with absolute sincerity, uttered many a phrase which is now a platitude; frequently he simply paraphrased the Bible, and in such cases the Bible is better. The volume, however, is a sympathetic whole. Each page is headed with the virtue or the failing indicated below it, and the collection will prove itself to be a real friend to those who look for saintly words to strengthen and guard them through each day.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

"In dealing with persons who are afflicted with worries, it is not of the least use to tell them 'not to worry.'" When we opened Dr. John H. Clarke's handy volume on **Vital Economy** (1s. net and 2s. net) and our eyes fell on these words, we knew that there was clear, practical sense in the book, and turning back to the beginning we read every word, from Chapter I. to the Index. Dr. Clarke's main object is to help the ordinary human being, the one who is neither a Hercules nor an invalid, to conserve his strength and make the best of his body under the daily conditions which are his lot in life. While giving full value to fresh air and cold water, he speaks very sensibly about the "fresh-air maniac" and the "cold-tub maniac"; discretion and sound individual judgment, and not a blind disregard of symptoms, are needed with regard to these good elements. Chapters are given on Fresh Air, Exercise, Tea, Coffee, Worry, the Bath, and so forth. We may not like all the advice, but we shall be the wiser for remembering most of it.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

The Franco-British Exhibition as a permanency is offered to us in the Illustrated Review which Mr. F. G. Dumas edits and Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish. We see, by picture and word, the making of the great White City—the scheme, the architecture, the very cement and fibrous plaster of it—and we see the beautiful things which filled it, and the amusing and instructive things which shared the honour. The volume, which among other excellent illustrations reproduces a great number of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, is a fine and useful memento of the Great Exhibition of 1908.

Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt is a skilful and indefatigable anthologist, and his new volume which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published, **The Charm of Venice**, is one of the most charming of his very successful "collections." In Venice Mr. Hyatt had a fertile subject, and he has selected with care, taste, and judgment. No better little volume could be slipped into the pocket or the knapsack of the visitor to Venice than this well-varied gathering together of poem and prose passage, revealing, as the title of the volume claims, the many-sided, unquestionable charm of Venice.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

In **Branded** (6s.), Mr. Gerald Biss has written a gripping and sensational story, which is strongly reminiscent of a famous poisoning case. The plot is concerned with the twin daughters of the condemned woman, and the actions of one of these girls is made to show that heredity does not necessarily shape the character. The mother in the story is an innocent woman, but the girl's conduct is as tainted as if guilt were in her blood. The evolution of this beautiful twin is very graphically told, and the book, lurid in parts, holds the attention easily.

YEAR BOOKS.

We have been glancing through the first four of the Year Books that have arrived on our table. The indispensable **Hazell's Annual** (Hazell, 3s. 6d. net) is, as usual, a very encyclopædia of general information, and its special articles on social and economic questions of the day are as interesting as they are reliable. It is one of the books that the man of business cannot afford not to buy.—The new issue of the familiar and handy little **"Daily Mail" Year Book** (Associated Newspapers, 6d. net) is a miracle of cheapness. It is crammed with articles, statistics, and condensed information on practically every important topic of the hour.—**Mowbray's Annual** (Mowbray, Ltd., 1s. net), is a compact and comprehensive storehouse of information on the work, problems, organisation, and personnel of the Anglican community at home and abroad. **The Literary Year-Book** (Routledge), now in its thirteenth year with its directory of authors, publishers, agents, periodicals, booksellers, its full exposition of the copyright laws, and all its varied and serviceable information on literary matters, has become an essential part of every author's and editor's library.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The month has been rich in reprints and new editions, and among the most attractive are the five volumes which Messrs. George Allen & Son publish, uniform in style and cheap in price, of Maurice Maeterlinck's works—**Wisdom and Destiny, The Life of the Bee, The Treasure of the Humble, Aglavaine and Selysette,** and **Sister Beatrice and Ariadne, etc.** (2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net each). This is a pocket edition in a type and style which are at once excellent, dignified, and tasteful.

Another altogether charming reprint is our old favourite, **Rab and His Friends.** If there could have been one person chosen above all others to illustrate this classic, it should have been, in our opinion, Miss H. C. Preston Macgown, R.S.W., and Mr. Foulis of Edinburgh this artist has secured for this reprint. Seven most delicately drawn, delicately coloured, and entirely sympathetic pictures impress the beauty of the little idyll.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons go on triumphantly with their Shilling Library. They have now added to it such alluring volumes as Mr. Kenneth Grahame's **Golden Age,** Mrs. Everard Cotes's **Simple Adventures of a Memsahib,** and Sir Henry Hawkins's **Reminiscences.** These little books are truly marvels of cheapness, good taste, and good selection.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have conceived the happy idea of publishing a pocket edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's "Singer's Trilogy"—**Soprano, The Prima Donna,** and **The Diva's Ruby.** The three pretty volumes are charmingly bound in red leather, and are enclosed in a neat red case (10s. 6d. net).

To return to the dainty publications which we always expect, and get, from Mr. T. Foulis of Edinburgh, it is worth noting his exquisite little long-shaped, paper-covered reprints of, among others, that charming love-story of **Aucassin and Nicolette,** and Browning's **Last Ride Together,** and other poems (6d. net each). These are just the ideal gift for those who wish to give a little more than a card at birthday, Easter, or other seasons, and yet are not so expensive as to be an embarrassment either to giver or receiver. The little books are most prettily illustrated in colour and their outward form is in every way pleasing.

A book of a very different kind, but a very welcome one, is Messrs. Longmans' new edition of John Stuart Mill's **Autobiography** (3s. 6d. net). This noble book is by no means enough known to the general reader, and the present edition, with portrait after the painting by Watts, is an extremely handy, useful, and inexpensive form in which to possess it.

New Books of the Month.

FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

All Shall be Well. Selections from the Writings of Lady Julian of Norwich, A.D. 1373. 1s. net .....(Mowbray)
BENSON, MARGARET.—The Venture of Rational Faith. 6s. net .....(Macmillan)
BLACK, HUGH.—University Sermons. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
Churchman's Library, The English: The Christian Use of the Psalter, by the Rev. A. R. Whitham; The Practical Religion, by Vernon Staley; Letters to a Godson, Second Series, by Cyril Bickersteth; Our Working Girls and How to Help Them. 4 vols. 1s. net each .(Mowbray)
DENNEY, JAMES, D.D.—Jesus and the Gospel. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
FRENCH, REV. E. ALDOM.—God's Message Through Modern Doubt. 2s. 6d. net .....(Duckworth)
GARDNER, ROBERT.—In the Heart of Democracy. 3s. 6d. net .....(New Age Press)
HORDER, W. GARRETT.—The Other World. 3s. net (Macmillan)
MAY, JOSEPH, LL.D.—Miracles and Myths of the New Testament. 1s. 6d. net.....(Philip Green)
MURRAY, J. CLARK, LL.D., F.R.S.C.—A Handbook of Christian Ethics. 6s. net .....(T. & T. Clark)
PASSMORE, T. H., M.A.—Your Confirmation. 9d. net (Mowbray)
RAMSAY, W. M., HON. D.C.L.—Luke the Physician. Illustrated. 12s.....(Hodder & Stoughton)
SPENCE, FRANK.—Christian Reunion. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
STALKER, REV. PROF. JAMES, D.D.—The Atonement. 2s. 6d. net .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
THOMPSON, R. CAMPBELL.—Semitic Magic. 10s. 6d. net (Luzac)
YOUNG, DINSDALE T.—The Travels of the Heart. 3s. 6d. (Culley)

NEW EDITIONS.

MILTON.—On the Son of God and the Holy Spirit. 1s. 6d. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)

FICTION.

ANTON.—Next-Door Neighbours. 6s.....(H. J. Drane)
"BARTHOLOMEW."—As They Are. 3s. 6d. net (H. J. Drane)
BLACKBURN, DOUGLAS.—I Came and Saw. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
CHANNEL, A.—Children of the Resurrection. 1s. 6d. net (A. F. Bird)
CHESTER, GEORGE RANDOLPH.—Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. 6s. .....(E. Grant Richards)
COLE, R. W.—The Artificial Girl. 6s. .....(Greening)
DESPARD, MRS., and MABEL COLLINS.—Outlawed. A Novel on the Woman's Suffrage Question. 1s. net (H. J. Drane)
GALE, ZONA.—Friendship Village. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
HAMILTON, COSMO.—The Blindness of Virtue. 6s. (Hutchinson)
HOUGHTON, J. A.—The Supreme Rulers. 6s...(H. J. Drane)
KENNEDY, ANNIE.—Only an Orphan. 6s.....(H. J. Drane)
LILBURN, ADAM.—Fiddler Matt. 3s. 6d. (Brown, Langham & Co.)
MAJOR, CHARLES.—Uncle Tom Andy Bill. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
MANSFIELD, CHARLOTTE.—The Girl and the Gods. 1s. net (Greening)
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